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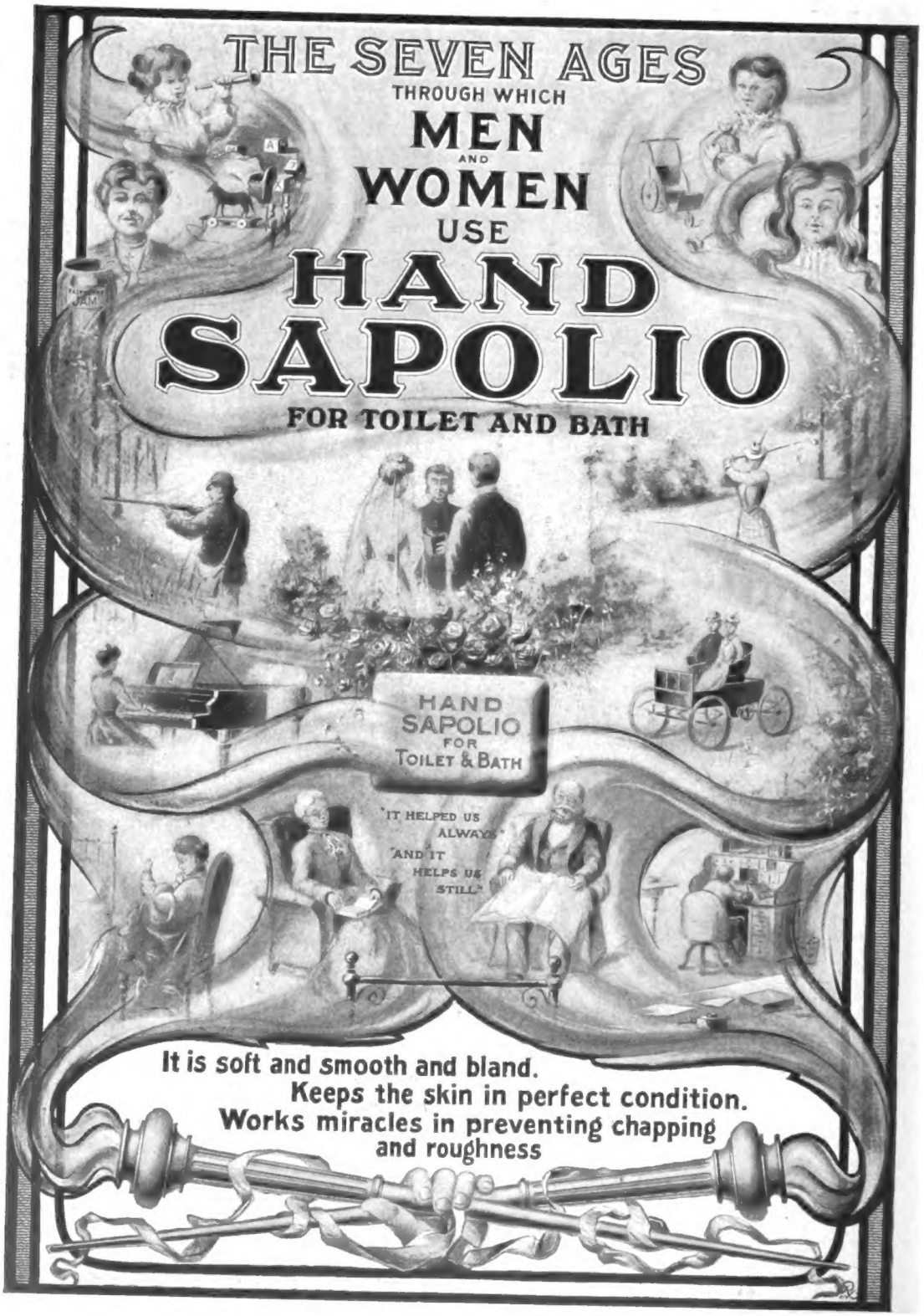

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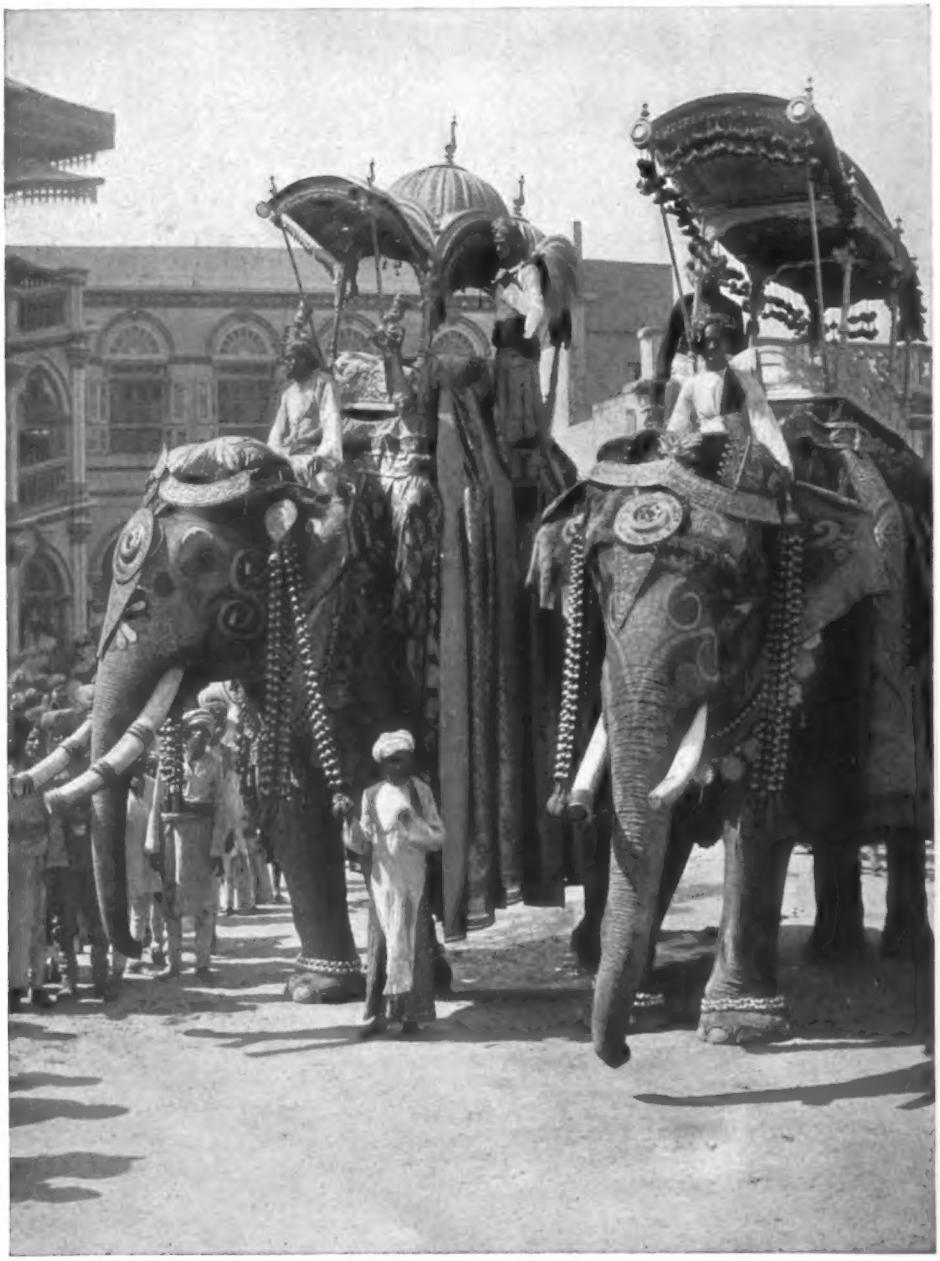

THE ROYAL ELEPHANTS OF JUNAGADH KATHIAWAR.

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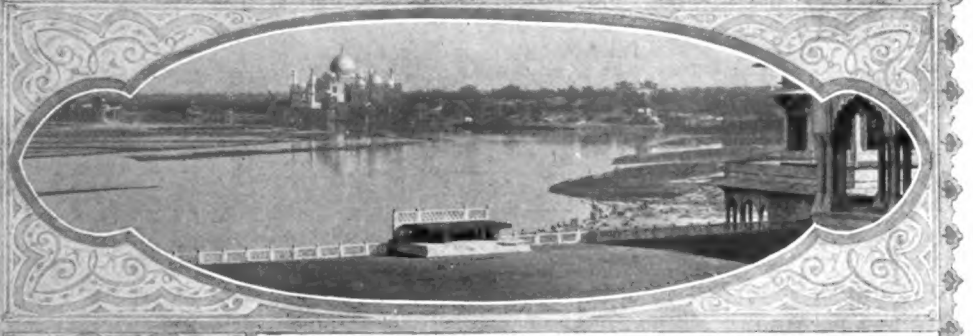

VIEW OF THE TAJ MAHAL.

Looking over the river Jumna from the terrace of the Machhi Bhawan, or fish square, on the river wall of the fort at Agra, built in 1566 by Akbar, one of the Mogul emperors. At the edge of the terrace, in the centre, is seen the Shah's throne, and opposite is that of his jester. When the English were beseiged here, during the Mutiny of 1857, the fort was occupied by them as a hospital. To the right is the Diwan-i-Khas, or Hall of Private Audience, where Edward VII., when Prince of Wales, held a *durbar* in 1876. Over the edge of the terrace is the deep moat, where elephants and tigers used to be matched against each other for the entertainment of royalty.

SIR PERTAP SINGH.

The Courts of the Rajahs

By Edmund Russell

THE last Queen's Jubilee. London. I watched with some Indian princes. When one asked: "What do you think of the procession?"

"This is not a procession," the lotus-eyed replied; "it is only a military review."

The serpent whose scales were men rolled by in length and noise, and even the crowning feature, the landaus full of queens and princesses with foreign escort, evoked no smile.

Estimable ladies, attired as for funeral or wedding but not a royal procession to one "whose toenails had been polished by the crest-gems of prostrate kings." Whose *sowari* elephant had crushed pearls into jessamine and gold-dust and sandal.

The costume ball of the Duchess of Devonshire was said to be the social event of the century. "Very pretty" was all I could get from gold-bronze chiselled lips.

"People say it is one of the most wonderful sights ever witnessed."

"They have never been in India," was the only reply.

[The author obtains his knowledge of the Courts of the Rajahs at first hand. He has just returned from a tour of India, where he has been rendering "Hamlet" in the palaces of the native princes and chiefs. The generous hospitality extended him gave a rare opportunity for a sympathetic study of these rulers of the Orient in their own domains.—EDITOR.]

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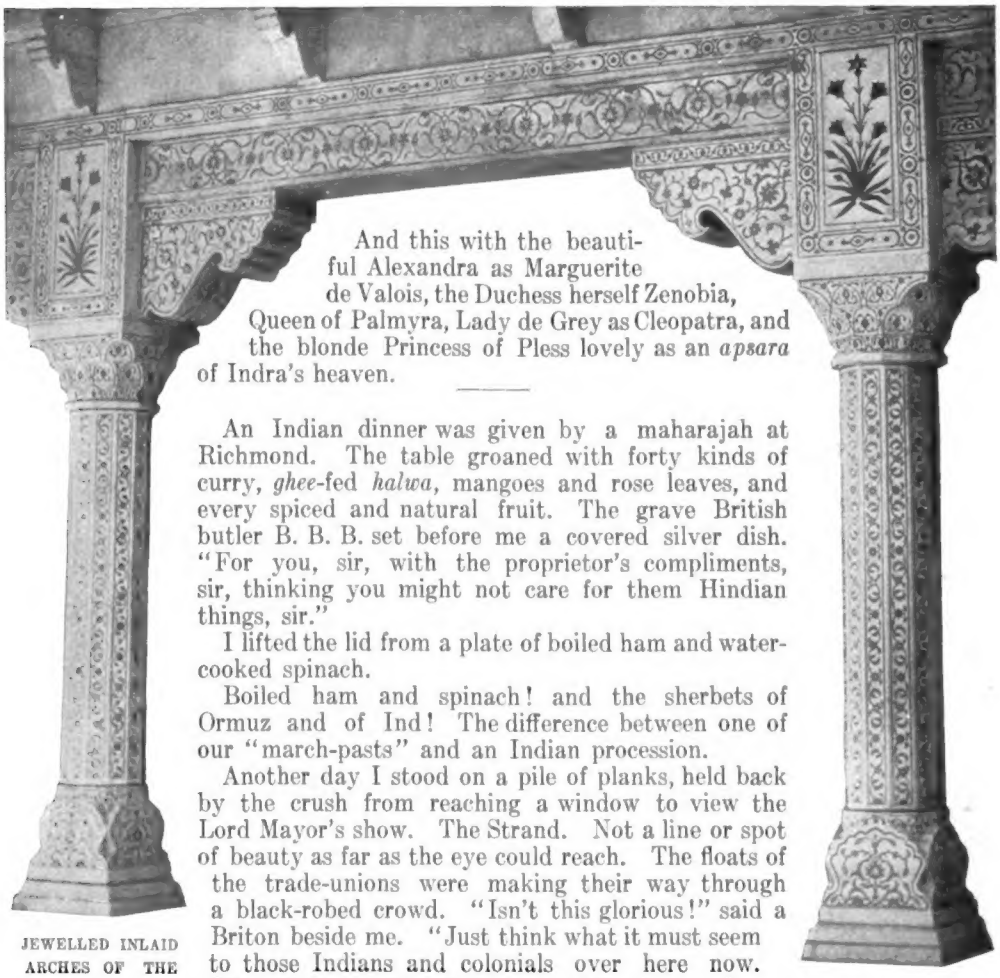

JEWELLED INLAID ARCHES OF THE MOGUL PALACES, DELHI.

And this with the beautiful Alexandra as Marguerite de Valois, the Duchess herself Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, Lady de Grey as Cleopatra, and the blonde Princess of Pless lovely as an *apsara* of Indra's heaven.

An Indian dinner was given by a maharajah at Richmond. The table groaned with forty kinds of curry, *ghee*-fed *halwa*, mangoes and rose leaves, and every spiced and natural fruit. The grave British butler B. B. B. set before me a covered silver dish. "For you, sir, with the proprietor's compliments, sir, thinking you might not care for them Hindian things, sir."

I lifted the lid from a plate of boiled ham and water-cooked spinach.

Boiled ham and spinach! and the sherbets of Ormuz and of Ind! The difference between one of our "march-pasts" and an Indian procession.

Another day I stood on a pile of planks, held back by the crush from reaching a window to view the Lord Mayor's show. The Strand. Not a line or spot of beauty as far as the eye could reach. The floats of the trade-unions were making their way through a black-robed crowd. "Isn't this glorious!" said a Briton beside me. "Just think what it must seem to those Indians and colonials over here now. Why, they must literally be *stunned!*" So was I.

India is even more subdivided and petty-courted than eighteenth-century Germany. Six hundred and eighty-eight rulers under England's imperial sway; from the Nizam of Haiderabad, with domains as large as France, to the chief of twenty villages. All keeping state and splendor far beyond our conventionalized courts.

The Guikwar of Baroda, the Maharajah of Kashmir, the young kings of Mysore and Gualior are the most important; while Udaipur and Jodhpore dispute which holds highest rank as descendant of the Sun, and the Rana of Udaipur is always represented in painting with an aureole and divine honors.

These rajahs are the orchid-crowned oases in deserts of starving millions. But the Indian reaches the bitterest poverty without degradation, and the simple agricultural people lead a life whose every motion is directed by spiritual law. European influence has only disturbed the scum and foam, not even the waves, and the sea-depths follow Lord Krishna's breath, wotting not of what may happen beyond the village pale. The eye does not even turn to see the rajah's English guests pass by, nor is cut or custom noted or envied. Their life is Vedic law.

Visitors to the Delhi "durbar" *will* be literally *stunned.* Not by the tawdry splendor of red bunting and brass buttons, but by such displays of arts and wondrous crafts as only

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our greatest museum treasures can suggest but could not unfold. A *real* splendor, vastly more thrilling than the most gorgeous theatrical display; thrilling as the first presentation of *living* art to eyes that only know of pictures on canvas.

The elephants that sweep the ground with gold embroidery thick on cloth-of-gold are of gold. They are harnessed in turquoise and emerald, and the eye cannot separate their splendor from the splendor of those who ride or serve. Such warriors!—each arm a treasure, each foot a glory of design and color. The Indian craftsmen are the Swinburnes and Rossettis of the material arts, and an Indian procession is all

H. H. THE MAHARAJAH OF BARODA.

Invitations to the house-parties, at Baroda, of this prince of entertainers are everywhere most eagerly sought. Note the caste mark on the forehead.

led by chains each link of which is peacock, god or flower. The great beasts are gilded and painted in violet and green and yellow before covered with these wonders, and look like nothing on earth—saffron with lettuce-green ears, sealing-wax-red, white-arabesqued black with diapers beauty and glory in bloom and riot. The climax of Asia's spiritual and physical opulence.

The eye faints at the dazzling refinement, the harmonization of every extreme. One can no longer exclaim—the mind no longer follow. All arts are fused in one. The

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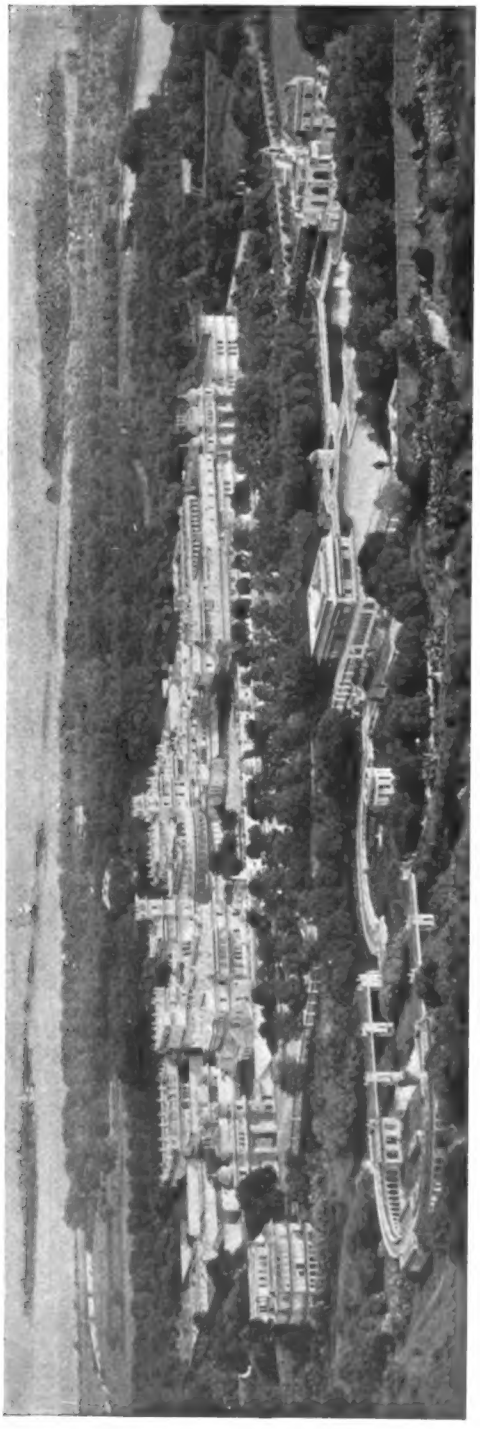

THE GUALIOR PALACES MAY FAIRLY BE CALLED THE VERSAILLES OF INDIA.

soul overflows as when listening to some great symphony.

There can be no real procession without an elephant; he was built for processions. His gait is processional. The old Sanskrit poets note the grace of that rhythmic sway, for when they particularly compliment a woman, they say: "She walks like an elephant"—"As the swan swims."

In India "first catch your elephant" is only a preliminary, for he is but the foundation of an architectural structure, all except glittering eye and rakish tail being covered. The *howdah*, solid gold, silver-gilt, or sandal-carved, rises in temple turrets; he sways beneath gold-crusted, jeweled robes; his harness-studs are disks of precious gems, his ears fringed with pearls, his tusks gold-tipped. His anklet would liberate a slave, his forehead-moon light a harem.

He is massive as the rock-temples of Karli. His rhythm the circling of the planets. His eye twinkles with the wisdom of lost Lemuria.

Of course each *durbar* must be fatally less than its predecessors. This which proclaims Edward VII. Emperor of India cannot possibly equal that when Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress, as that was outshown by more ancient and purely Indian functions. Princes are giving up elephants for automobiles. Brass nails are good enough to hold our harnesses together. The foot no longer knows or deserves the kiss, and the pride of patent-leather is above rubies. Thank partially merciful Providence that the turban is not lifted for the top-hat, but no man knoweth what a *durbar* may bring forth.

The English-returned rajah begins to scorn his native *kincob*, the royal cloth-of-gold, thinks himself smart in bursting out of buttoned black coat, or imagines his rank is measured by the discomfort of his collar.

The *durbar* is the royal levee or reception of princes by the Viceroy. The *sowari* the procession.

Each individual rajah constantly holds *durbars* or audiences at his own court, and *sowaris* are given on religious days or occasions of general rejoicing.

The last great procession of this order was given on the return of the Guikwar of Baroda

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from a long stay in Europe, a short time after my arrival in India.

One leaves the Indo-Gothic architecture of Bombay with a sigh of relief, hoping for better things. Hideous bastard of ocean-separated parents without one uniting trait of race or clime.

First-class travelling in India is the most luxurious, if not the most elegant, in the world. Third-class the most picturesque. One lies half-dressed on couches. The breeze comes through mats of scented grass, wet at each station. The deference and attention given in all Oriental climes to visiting-guest surrounds one with every comfort and luxury, while the platforms of the stations unroll the Arabian Nights in groupings of form and combinations of color that no artist would dare to put on canvas.

My faithful secretary, Sorab, awakes me as we near Baroda, and there is hurried plunge into more conventional costume. From the window we see great apes, almost as big as men, hideous in human expression, racing with the train. A representative of the maharajah, with the royal carriages, liveries in red and gold with a drawn scimitar across the breast, waits at the station. A retinue of twenty servants salaam at the entrance of the little guest-palace, and Indian life is begun.

In the Baroda procession the soldiers were dressed in the armor of all epochs from the days of the glorious Sivaji—the weapons being taken from the *sila khana*, or armory, in the old Nazar-Bagh palace.

These Marhatta warriors ride with the bearing of olden days. The casings of ancient wars fit proud form and flashing eye. Each detachment represents a different period.

The placques of their chain armor are damascened with gold and incrusted with precious stones; breast, thigh and back pieces are marvels of intricate arabesque; brocade skirts are held by waist-bands Lalique and Mucha could not rival.

Sword or dagger sings a song in gems. I saw one with slot in blade where great pearls

THE MAHARAJAH OF GUALIOR RETURNING FROM A TIGER HUNT WITH LORD CURZON.

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ran up and down, still oriented with long-crusted blood.

The grace of those heron-plumes above blazing aigrettes!

The flash of eye and teeth no jewel-flash could dim!

The horses—"manes like ivory chowries"—snorted proudly, for their saddles were set on cloth-of-gold, their golden reins studded with star-ruby and star-sapphire, cat's-eye and zircon, their slender ankles gem-ringed, their white foreheads white with pearls. One saddle was blue with turquoises set on a cloth-of-gold warped green, a great emerald in the pommel.

And these were but men. The princes "beggar description." "Animated nuggets, ambulatory mines of jewels," one has said.

The crown jewels of the Guikwar of Baroda are valued at $20,000,000. No Blue-vault of Dresden nor dragon-guarded tower could mine the treasures of that most charming and cultivated of India's princes, Sivaji-Rao, Guikwar of Baroda.

Seven rows of magnificent pearls are his favorite wear, but he has fifty necklaces of equal value—parures in every gem. First in wonder comes the famous diamond cape made for the ferocious Khandarao, who might be called the last of Roman emperors from his passionate fondness for bloody arenic sports. It falls from neck to shoulders in a great mass of table-cut stones, fringed with pear-shaped emeralds.

THE MAHARAJAH OF KASHMIR-JUMMO.

Of the others there are some called "garlands-of-enchantment," seven rows of fringes of colored stones, set in humming-bird-hued enamel, till all detail is lost and the breast simply blazes with rainbows.

One necklace of immense brilliants in European cut has the "Star of the South" as a pendant; it is one of the great diamonds of the world, larger than the Koh-i-nur, which was itself given a *sowari* on being brought into Baroda.

But the most unique and marvellous of all is a "seven-row" of diamond *briolettes* or facetted drops, each as large as the end of the finger, blue-white, incalculable in value. This has never been taken to Europe in any of His Highness' visits, but would make a sensation there.

Tray after tray of aigrettes, collars, pendants, earrings, nose-rings, girdles, bracelets, anklets—handfuls of unset rubies and emeralds, bushels of pearls, shelves of costly *baroque* fantasies.

The Guikwar is of simple taste, and only wears these things on great occasions, his dearest jewels being his charming little boys. As he received King Edward in his Prince of Wales tour a quarter of a century ago, he was the original of Rudyard Kipling's little *Raj-Kumar* in "The Naulahka." He maintains a great many students in arts and sciences in England and is talking of sending some to America.

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THE FORT AND PALACES OF DELHI.

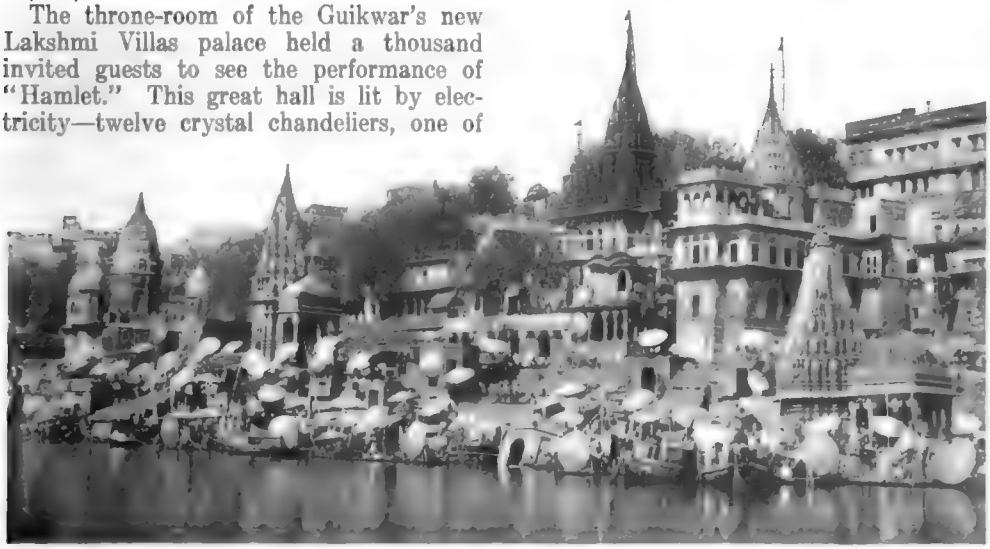
A victoria of solid gold with hood of *kincob* is now used only in these processions. It would awaken Hyde Park.

The *rutth* of the *Maharani*—the curtained cart of the time of Rama—drawn by snow-white bullocks with gold-tipped horns and gold-shod feet, is screened with red and gold, and one sees only a jewelled hand that holds the fringes aside. In humbler form it is used all over India to-day, as when star-eyed Sita peered from its curtains.

Even cannon of gold—thrones, howdahs, elephant trappings, state-umbrellas, fans, footstools, all in exquisite design and workmanship more wonderful than the value. One elephant howdah alone cost $1,000,000.

The throne-room of the Guikwar's new Lakshmi Villas palace held a thousand invited guests to see the performance of "Hamlet." This great hall is lit by electricity—twelve crystal chandeliers, one of which would fill an ordinary ballroom. From covered latticed balconies the Queen and ladies of the court watched. In India I could not be permitted to see Her Highness, whom I had met in England, but she sent me some of her royal *saris* to choose for draperies. The floor of the stage was covered with cut flowers as a carpet.

On leaving Baroda I visited the courts of Gualior, Junagadh and Bhavanagar, stopping on the way at the *Raj-Kumar* or Royal Prince's College, one of the most interesting and well-conducted institutions in the world. No scholar can be received there unless destined to sit on a throne or of actual ruling



THE HOLY CITY OF BENARES.

The Temples of Shiva.

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HIS LATE HIGHNESS OF JODHPUR.

family. It was there that Ranjetsinhji was educated when adopted by the Jam of Jamnugger, before the jam-pot slipped from his grasp. The princes form a little cavalry corps. Each has separate apartments. None is allowed more than six servants. All meals are prepared by the personal suites so that confusion of precedence or caste may be avoided.

About forty princes were at this college last year, all of the most perfect Hindu type, which when young is antelope or flower. I have never seen such grace or exquisite manners. The conservative finish their studies here before being installed on their *gaddis*. Others more rash, with the spell of Europe turning their brains, break through caste rules and cross the *Kala-pani* to study at Eton, Oxford, Cambridge, becoming little imitation Englishmen, regretting too late, perhaps; for when we imitate we take the worst and lose the best.

I have often been asked of the occult and spiritual phenomena I saw in India, and especially if I ever heard the famous "astral bell." The most spiritual phenomena I witnessed was the daily life of the Indian people, and the "astral bell" I *thought* I heard twice. The first time was in the beautiful guest-house of the young Maharajah of Bhavanagar, that charming young prince who is following his noble father in every good deed.

I was awakened one morning by the sound of a bell that in the scent-laden air seemed sweeter than any I had ever heard. It floated apparently just outside my second-story veranda, for I knew there are neither locks, nor bolts, nor bells in an Indian house. At night servants sleep across the portals of every door, and throng the entrance by day, always ready to announce a visitor.

It must be rung by unseen hands!

I went out on the veranda, and, of course, being in India, was not surprised to see an antique bell held by a great black serpent which had parted the jessamine flowers.

HIS HOLINESS, THE MAHARANA OF UDAIPUR.

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Perhaps it was simply the palace-cobra calling to breakfast.

It was the trunk of an elephant grasping a little bell which he was ringing furiously to ask me to come down and take a ride on him. His beady eye twinkled with pleasure, and he ceased when he saw me, then made his salaam, kneeling one knee nearly to the ground, followed by throwing up his trunk and trumpeting. I hurried on my clothes and *solar-topee*. The great beast knelt. The scaling ladder was brought, and we were off, followed by troops of children calling: "*Hathi!* (elephant) *Hathi!* give us a piece of sugar-cane."

The second occult experience was when I was given the deserted Hatheesing palace at Ahmedabad as a residence. I lay one sultry afternoon, when the *punkahs* seemed only to shed waves of furnace-heat, listening to the continuous tomtom-ing and *tamasha*-ing of the neighboring temple. The strange decorative repetition that stupefies the mind, brings the voluptuous fatigue of the East, and I was ready for marvels and visions.

The sound of a most exquisite silver bell. This time surely rung by seraphim.

It filled the air like the farthest chime from a distant sphere. At last!

For a long time I could not locate it, then followed to the great marble audience hall, in a room next to which my mattresses had been thrown.

The furniture of crimson and gold was falling to pieces, the draperies hung in rags, dust lay thick on the mosaic pavement. From the ceiling hung a forest of those crystal chandeliers which are a passion in India.

The bell was indeed being rung by no human hands. A bright bird was flashing in and out of the crystal pendants as if drunk with the melody it aroused.

My second "astral bell." With probably as good a foundation as most of the legends of which we have heard tell.

In Junagadh (by the way, the only place in India where lions can be found to-day—"camel-colored tigers," the peasants call them) the elephants are so tame that they wander alone through the bazaars, reaching out their trunks for nuts and fruits at their favorite booths. Among the royal beasts are two rhinoceri, on one of which Lady Curzon rode in her recent visit.

On leaving Baroda, Kathiawar, Ahmedabad, and passing through Jeypore, *la Vie Rose* of Pierre Loti, we come to Delhi.

Jeypore, the home of the finest flower

THE YOUNG MAHARAJAH OF MYSORE.

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jeweler's art—the famous Jeypore enamel—is wonderful as being the only city in the world conceived in complete harmony of color—all rose—walls, towers, palaces, dwellings, even the general tone of the costumes of the people—rose—*couleur de rose*.

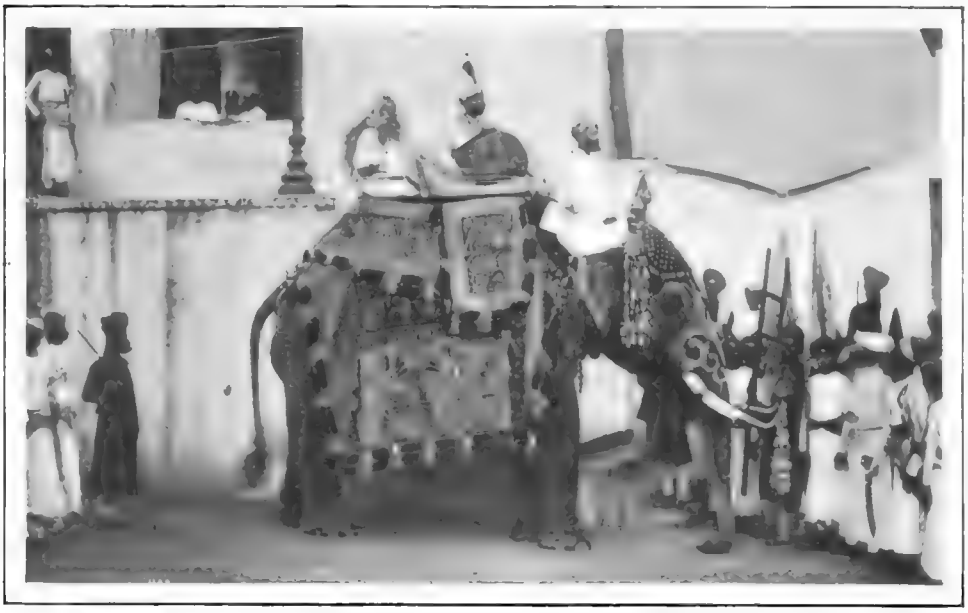
A fabled effect—mirage—so unified it rises, as in a dream, entirely different from anything one has ever seen. It looks as people imagine foreign places will look and then are disappointed because they don't. Thence to Delhi—ruined, dismantled Delhi!

The name "Great Mogul" has passed into our language, and is used by millions who could not even tell what it means when it comes to their lips to suggest splendor and power, and know naught of Akbar and Aurangzebe.

The ruins of the forts and palaces of the *takht-i-taus*, the Peacock Throne, are still poetic beyond description; what they must have been when filled by the beauties of the Mohammedan court cannot be imagined. They are not as spiritual as Hindu work, but inlaid with Persian poetry, refinement, voluptuousness.

Delhi is Mohammedan, not Hindu, and it will be chiefly impressions of Mohammedan rule that visitors to the Curzonation will take away. Walls of alabaster and precious stones, sentences from Koran in emeralds and rubies, mosques of pearl, "scented gardens." Those slits in chamber walls where the harem ladies of Jehangir thrust their jewels, secure that no other wrist than their own would be slender enough to withdraw them.

But this turning of an imperial *durbar* into a show for European women and American tourists will entirely change its ancient character. And, while a few cheap manufactures may be benefited, it is doubtful if much good will be done to Indian arts. Commerce is death for their perfection, which has always been individual. The artist worked without our twin-devils, cheapness and speed, at his elbow. A poor man, his only delight the endless repetition of his detail, the accompaniment to his work perhaps a prayer. When factory work is given at factory prices, it is no longer Indian; it is a burlesque fit only for the exhibitions of Earls Court or the "cozy-corners" of American flats.



AT THE DOOR OF THE PALACE, UDAIPUR.

It might be interesting to hear how all this strikes the Indian himself. A recent letter from a high-caste Brahmin friend says:

"I use the word 'unspoiled' because I think one of the pervading and insidious evils of Western education on the Hindu mind has been a certain loss of

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depth and sense of abiding things. Western life is so incredibly rapid in its changes and evolutions, the consequences cannot but lead toward superficial judgments and ephemeral standpoints."

And farther on:

"The Delhi *durbar*, apart from its political significance, will be a pageant most interesting. It will revive for one glorious moment the mingled splendors and marvels of the fabled feasts of Haroun-al-Raschid, the revels of Semiramis and the courts of the Mogul emperors on their peacock throne. Delhi, once the Indian capital of the world, will in a few weeks hence be the scene of the homage of our Indian princes to a foreign power. For the artist and poet there is sumptuous pageantry, for the foreign merry-makers dazzling excitement and novelty, for the British intoxicating triumph, for us—what?—unmeasurable regret."

Delhi conjures all splendor and all horror. To-day but a wreck. The breaches still gap in the grass-grown walls, the glories are vanished, the palaces crumbling shows. Only the Jumma Musjid, the great mosque, on Friday filled with worshippers, that the infidel by feeing the guards may watch from the tower throne of Jehanjir, seems alive to-day. From the heights above the thousands of white turbans seem as sea-birds' eggs on some Antarctic shore.

The camp of the *durbar* will be held on the great plain beyond the ramparts of the old fort. The difficulty of placing the tents and escorts of so many rulers, and giving each his proper seat at the function, cannot be imagined, as they are more jealous of precedence than any European sovereign. It is interesting to watch two rajahs meet. Each keeps his eye on the hand of the other that his own may not rise a hair's-breadth higher in the salute or a split-second in advance, for fear of acknowledging a lower rank.

Each maharajah (*rajah*, king; *maha*, great —great king—rajah over rajahs, or emperor, although all take but rank of subordinate princes under British rule) will have a separate procession; and each will enter the grand tent where Lord Curzon, with Lady Curzon, will represent the Emperor of India, with suite of warriors, nobles and pages. Over his Indian dress, one mass of jewels, he wears the robe and insignia of whatever English order may have been conferred upon him. For one bearing the title "King-of-Kings" is proud to get a "Sir" or K.C.S.I. or K.C.I.E. tacked on to denote the friendship of his conquerors.

That friendship has promised perpetuity to the dynasties of the faithful, and they know too well that not even writ in water are the names of those who were not.

The Chandni Chauk, Silver Street, will become a great bazaar of all the wares of the Orient; ancient families will part with their treasures; caravans will come from all parts of India. But the chief trade will be in the cheap jewels which are made to sell to the tourist who does not know the arts of India. Yet even these are beautiful; as are indeed the peasant necklaces of brass and beads and gilded paper, that one buys for a few *annas*.

It is somewhat difficult to describe an Oriental royal dwelling, as they vary from an exact reproduction of Buckingham Palace to something little better than a mud hut.

Most are crumbling, rambling piles, centuries old, of which no stranger may ever know the extent nor dream of the treasures there stored. Whole suites of rooms may be lost and any falling wall may rain jewels from their hiding-places. The chambers are numberless as honeycomb cells, and all stairs and approaches very narrow and steep, so that in case of siege the defense may be held by a few against thousands.

One is received usually in a balcony. The throne is a small raised platform of carved marble, gold or silver, covered with pearl-embroidered cushions on which the maharajah reclines. The court sit around on the floor, and warriors and servants stand in countless number at every door.

But there are inner courts and gardens and terraces for palace ladies that no eye may see; wonderful baths and even cool chambers beneath green lakes for refuge from the summer sun. It is said that the palace of the Nizam of Haidarabad, counting attendants and soldiers, shelters eight thousand people.

Often one comes upon strange treasures of European art—a lovely Gainsborough hangs high in a corner of a deserted palace in Haidarabad. I saw in the old palace of Baroda a "Judith" by Benjamin Constant worth $20,000. At another court I saw a salon fitted with nothing but hatracks. Some drummer of an English house had unloaded them on the maharajah—they don't retail to princes—who, supposing them parlor ornaments, had filled the

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ROYAL ELEPHANTS OF MYSORE IN LINE

LADY CURZON.
Wearing the Crown Jewels.

shelves with china cats and dogs and hung bird-cages on the pegs till it really looked quite "homey."

The peninsula of Kathiwar, though little visited, seems to be most advanced in public buildings. When the palace of the late ruler of Bhavanagar was burned and a new one was suggested, the Maharajah asked: "Have we enough also to build the hospital?" And when told the State was not rich enough for both, he said: "Then it must be the hospital," and went to live in a simple house where his son and successor now resides.

Servants are without number, half asleep, but their smile shows the soul alive and reveals a charm of personality rarely noted in our own. They have a perfect hero-worship for their masters. Despite the carefully nurtured idea, I found them honest everywhere, and would agree with Max Müller on this subject, for

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TO RECEIVE LORD AND LADY CURZON.

everything is vastly more open than with us, and they are trusted with great sums in unsealed bags by those they serve.

"What are the feelings of a perfect *yogi?*" a holy man was asked.

"They have never been nor never can be described. Ask me what are the feelings of a lover, I will tell you—when you are one you will know."

We must say this of all the East. Their life is on a different plane from ours, and they seem to get from existence some physical satisfaction we cannot know.

Our nervous, hard-working, got-a-going-and-can't-stop expression never wrinkles their lacustrine depths.

At Lahore I had a most novel experience in the way of equipage. Going to a garden-party in the Shalimar Gardens, Sir Mackworth Young, the Lieutenant Governor of

LADY CURZON.
Who was Miss Mary Victoria Leiter, of Chicago.

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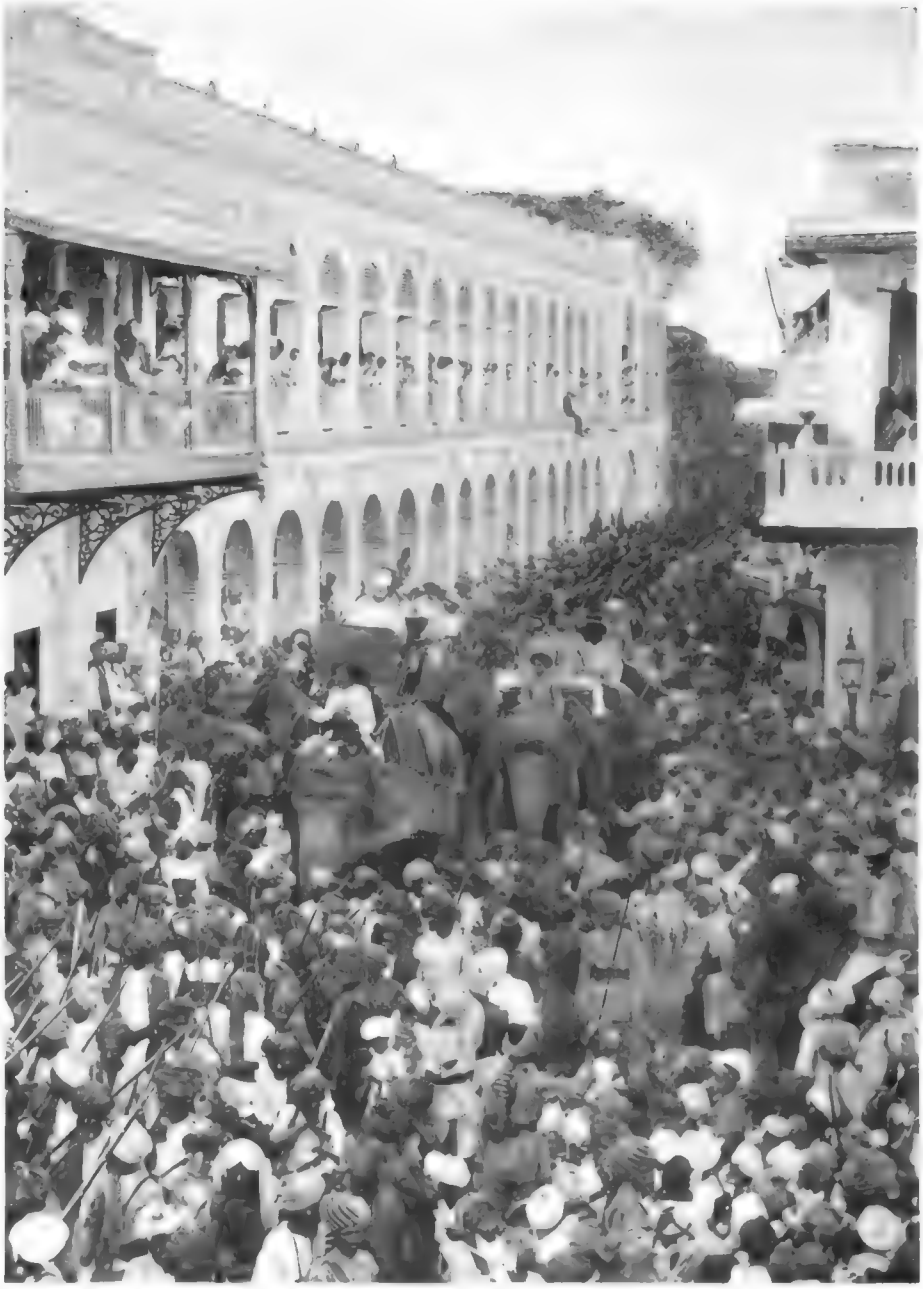

THE LANGUR PROCESSION AT HAIDERABAD.

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the Punjab, kindly said he would send for me. At the appointed time I heard a great clatter in the court, and going down found an open landau harnessed with two camels, gay in colored fringes and silver trappings, and each mounted by an armed Sikh warrior, with two others in the box. Off at a good pace, the landau swinging from side to side and the ride somewhat resembling a passage of the English Channel.

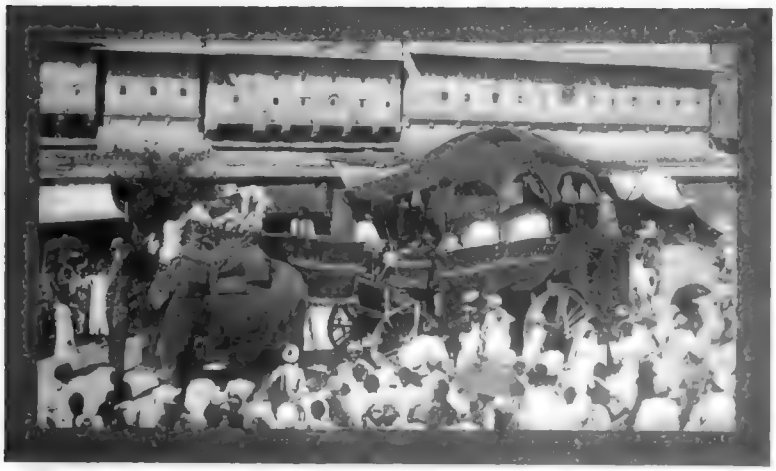
If one cannot pass a summer in a house-boat on the sacred lake of Srinagor, he should at least go to the door of Kashmir-Jummo, the winter court of that most hospitable, generous, devout monarch, the Maharajah of Kashmir.

One must be privileged to enter the palace, to feel that he has even a sight of the sacred vale. Without, only mountains are to be seen, but as the curtain is drawn on the open balcony where the Maharajah receives his guests and passes much of his time in holy meditation, one can scarcely repress a cry, for river and vale spread in wonderful picture totally unprepared for at any other view.

All the delicate arts of weaving and dyeing, lacquering and inlaying still exist, though faint from want of patronage. It is the hope of Rajah Amar Singh, brother of the Maharajah, one of the most glorious princes of India, a fit descendant of gods and heroes, to revive these in a school that shall make a distinct study of indigenous decoration, and not subordinate everything to plaster cast and painted canvas.

Connected with the temple the Maharajah keeps a company of players, as has been the custom of his ancestors. In that weird courtyard, by the light of torches, a Sanskrit drama was given for me. The performance was preceded by a procession of priests bearing flowers and gifts. My choice was the heart-rending "Harischandra," and, given with the simplest surroundings, it was played with an intensity and spirit we could not excel. The audience itself was a thing of wonder as I, the only European present, looked on those up-turned, tear-swept faces lit by the torches' glare. A sea of emotion swept of all conventionality. It told what the old-world spectacles must have been.

One charm of a visit to Kashmir is that one has to see India all over again to get back.



ANCIENT ELEPHANT CARRIAGE OF UDAIPUR.

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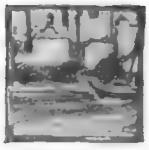
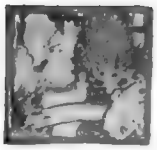


JOURNEY'S END

By Justus Miles Forman



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Calthrop, a young English aristocrat, left penniless by the death of his father, determines to seek his fortune abroad. He sails for New York, and finally secures lodgings near his friend Strothers, temporarily absent in Chicago, and employment as salesman at a photographer's on Broadway. Here he recognizes a portrait of Miss Evelyn Berkeley, a beautiful, promising young star, whom he had already admired in England, and soon after her visit to his shop conceives the idea of writing a play for her, forgetting Molly, his young English *fiancée*, at home in Hartwell Towers. In the meanwhile a dull business season necessitates the dismissal until September of one of the clerks, and the red-haired young saleswoman, who has fallen in love with Calthrop, sacrifices herself to the interest of the latter. The play is now written, and shown to Carter, an actor, living in the same house, who, presumably on Calthrop's behalf, offers a typewritten copy of the play to Freeman, Miss Berkeley's manager, and disappears. One day in September, Carter, meeting Calthrop in the shop by accident, explains how Miss Berkeley had accepted another's play. Through the red-haired girl, who has by this returned to business, and Miss Berkeley herself, Calthrop finds out that the "other's" play is his own with Carter's name attached, and in his visit—with his original MS.—to Miss Berkeley combines business and love.

CHAPTER XIII.

"WHAT I can't make out, Mr. Carter," said the great manager, "is the curious irregularity of the play, the recurrence of moments when the dialogue is downright flat. Of course, we can patch those spots up among us all, but—well, it's queer. It almost seems as if some one else—" he allowed himself a keen side glance at Carter—"as if some one else had gone over your play and nearly spoiled it with interpolations."

The actor changed color the very least bit, then he laughed easily.

"Oh, as for that," said he with a shrug, "no one is always on just the same level, I suppose. Every writer has his flat moments. It's rather odd, but do you know I had considered those points of the play—we went over them before in your office, you remember—the best of it all. Of course, we can alter them if you like. I have—I have a slightly different version at home, to my mind inferior, but you might like it better. It's different in just those particulars."

They were on the stage of the Lyric Theatre, and the various members of the company were sitting or standing about in little groups awaiting Miss Berkeley, who had not yet arrived.

"Then you wrote the whole thing entirely alone?" proceeded Mr. Freeman. "You had no collaborator?"

Carter looked up swiftly under lowered brows and his mouth worked for an instant.

"Why, of course," said he. "Alone?—of course! What do you—— Not that I see any difference that it would make to you, but if you care to know, I did it quite alone."

"Ah!" said the manager. "I asked," he went on, "because there seemed to be a very general impression among all who have read the play—including Miss Berkeley and myself—that the person who wrote the greater portion of this play could not by any possibility have written the wholly stupid little bits that are dragged in here and there and that are so obviously out of place."

"Are you trying to insinuate that I didn't write that play?" cried the actor. "Are you, are you? What the devil are you driving at? You're mad! If I'm not the author of the play, where in Heaven's name is he?"

"Right here, Mr. Carter," said Miss Evelyn Berkeley from the wings. "Right here," and she came smiling upon the stage with the tall figure of Cecil Calthrop at her side.

Carter lurched back suddenly against the bulky form of the manager. His face had gone quite white and he licked his lips as if they were dry. He raised a shaking uncertain hand toward the young Englishman.

"You, Calthrop! *you, you?*" he mumbled in a hoarse whisper. "Who told—— How did you find out? What, *you?*"

"Oh, yes," said young Calthrop. "It's I. Why not? They're to rehearse a play of mine. I'm needed, you see. What are you doing here? Are you in the cast?"

"It's all a damned outrage!" cried the actor, but his tone was quite weak and hopeless. "You're all in a conspiracy to cheat me out of my play, every cursed one of you——" He turned toward the manager and shook a desperate hand in that gentleman's face.

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"I tell you," he cried, "it's my play, mine! I wrote it and I brought it to you and you accepted it. I don't know who that man is or what he's talking about. The play had my name on it, hadn't it? hadn't it? And what's more, you can't prove that I didn't write it. You've only his word to go on. Let him prove he wrote it; let him prove it, I say!

"Oh, that is easily done," said young Calthrop. He pulled a large foolscap envelope from his coat pocket. "Here is the original manuscript as I wrote it without your—er, improvements. I think this will settle the question at once."

The actor's chin dropped upon his breast. His frame seemed to shrink and droop till the clothes hung loosely upon it. Young Calthrop dropped the manuscript and took a step toward the other man. There was a certain smile of pleased expectation upon his face. But Miss Evelyn Berkeley laid her two hands upon his arm and held him back.

"Oh, no, no!" she murmured, looking up to him. "Of course, you want to, and—and he deserves it, but you can afford to be generous; don't for—for my sake."

Calthrop shook his head with a little sigh.

"You know I can't do anything while you've your hands on my arm," he complained.

He crossed the stage and stood over the huddled figure that had been Carter.

"There," said he, pointing with one hand, "is the stage door, and this is your exit, Mr. Carter. I had looked forward with pleasure to thrashing you well. I stopped awake a long time last night thinking about it, but I—I'm not allowed, just now. Go, Carter! Oh, and let me advise you not to take up thieving as a profession. You're not clever enough. We're not going to have you arrested, for it isn't worth while. Get out!"

"Stage cleared for the first act!" said the manager, and young Calthrop went over and sat upon the edge of the proscenium box, and made scathing criticisms and had a beautiful time for nearly four hours.

It was six o'clock when he came out of the theatre and started to walk the half-block over to Broadway, where he meant to take a car to Twenty-fourth Street. Then all at once he halted.

"Tram car? Tram car?" said he in disgust. "Nonsense!" He stood upon the curb and waved his stick with a lordly air and four hansom cabs of luxurious elegance at once charged down upon him.

" CAME SMILING UPON THE STAGE WITH THE TALL FIGURE OF CECIL CALTHROP AT HER SIDE.

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE next fortnight passed in a busy but delightful haze. There were rehearsals on the stage of the Lyric Theatre, morning or afternoon, in the course of which the play began to take on a definite and assured form, the business to become settled and natural and the whole performance to move with an encouraging swing. There were frequent cozy little tete-à-tete hours over the tea-table in Miss Berkeley's rooms, which had for their excuse the discussion of some point in the play, but which had such a way of leaving all affairs in the background and becoming purely personal.

Of course, he gave up his position in the Broadway photograph shop.

"I've such a lot to do about the play," he explained to the red-haired young woman; "rehearsals and all, you know. I'm jolly glad it comes just now, for you will be leaving almost at once, too, won't you? and I should hate to be left alone again. It would be too much like last summer. Oh, and I say, you haven't changed your mind about that first-night performance, have you? I want you to be there. I should like to feel that I've one good friend in the house. In case the others take to throwing vegetables and overripe cats and all that sort of thing," he explained. "You shall have the best seats in the house, all you want of them."

"Indeed I shall come," promised the red-haired young woman. "Come? Well, I should think so! Don't you suppose I'm staying awake nights to think of it? Why, that's what we are waiting here in New York for. We move out to Danbury the very next day—to the white house with the green blinds."

"*And* the cat," prompted young Calthrop.

"The cat, of course. I'm not forgetting her. Ah, well, I shan't see you to speak to you again, probably—for the present, at least. I shall leave the shop to-morrow, and I know you're too busy to come to Harlem. But, when it's all over and the triumph is won, come out to Danbury and let me congratulate you and tell you how proud I am to—to know you, to have known you all this time. Ah, well, good-by, em—oh, good-by, and good luck, the very, very best sort of luck always!"

Young Calthrop went out of the shop a bit troubled. He didn't like the way she had looked at him. It was as if she were in some trouble that she was trying bravely to hide—as if she were suffering about something, and he hated to think of her as suffering. She was such a dear old girl, such a tremendously good pal!

Then something that he saw in a newspaper put it all out of his mind.

Young Harry Calthrop, Viscount Oxbridge, was dead, the only son of the Earl of Oxbridge. His horse had fallen with him in the hunting field and rolled him out. "Feathers" dead! Every one in London, that home of nicknames, had called the Viscount "Feathers." "Feathers" dead! and the Earl a hopeless invalid and a widower! The newspaper went on to comment upon the condition of the Earl, and the fact that in default of further issue the title would go to a distant cousin.

"Ah, yes," said young Calthrop, "so it would if you chose to ignore the personal equation. Oxbridge would marry again if he were on the brink of the grave, rather than let the title and the estates come to me. There's no doubt about what Oxbridge will do. Poor old Harry, though! Poor old chap. By jove, it's rough luck! rolled out in the field! It's a nasty death."

He spoke about it that afternoon to Miss Berkeley.

"A cousin of mine has just died," said he; "I read of it in the morning's paper. He was a very good sort of chap, I believe, though I never knew him at all well. There was a family row of old standing that rather prevented our being much in the way of pals."

"Yes," said Miss Berkeley, "I saw it in the paper. Wasn't it horrible? The title will come to you, I suppose, eventually?"

"Why, how the—how did you know Oxbridge was a relative of mine?" demanded young Calthrop in surprise. Miss Berkeley laughed.

"Oh, Aline Bamborough wrote me some time ago what a swell you were," said she. "When I told her your name, she remembered all about you and who your people were. I 'opes, sir, as you won't forget your old pals when you're Duke of Strope."

Calthrop scowled. "Nonsense!" he cried. "Duke of Strope, indeed! I shan't ever come in for anything. Oxbridge will marry again like a shot. You don't know the tender feeling that exists between the two branches of the family. Oh, no, all that life is past and gone, and doesn't mean any-

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thing to me now. I am in a different world." He drew a long, deep breath and leaned forward in his chair smiling into Miss Berkeley's great eyes.

"I've other things of much—oh, so very much more importance to think of!" said he. "I've another life to live, other people to consider. I seem to have no heart for anything beyond—why, beyond this tea table."

"So greedy as that?" murmured the girl.

"Yes," said he, "so greedy as that. Are you—are you going to deny me what I want?"

"Tea?"

"Why—yes, tea, and—and some other things."

"As I told you the other day," said the girl, "it wouldn't do any good to deny you tea. You're so big you could just take it."

"I shall come for it," declared young Mr. Calthrop. "Not when I'm Duke of Strope, but when I'm something much more worth while, when my play has been a great, great success, and I'm fit to ask for—tea—and things."

"Your tea," murmured Evelyn Berkeley, bending her beautiful head over the samovar, "your—tea will be waiting for you—always."

CHAPTER XV.

THE great day came at last—as all days must. Young Calthrop waked very early in the morning and endeavored drowsily to think what dreadful thing was to happen before he should sleep again. Then all at once it came to him and he stopped in the middle of a yawn to gasp for pure fright, and his heart began to race.

"Ah, well," said he, as he shivered on the brink of his tub. "It can't fail utterly. She'd carry anything through. But, my aunt, I'd give a month's royalties to have the ordeal well over!"

It was small comfort to know that the house had been sold out for a fortnight—"The more people to hiss and groan if the thing's bad," said he pessimistically. "Lord, I'm going into a blue funk!" and he half emptied a large silver flask—for medicinal purposes.

During the morning he went into a large florist's shop on Broadway and ordered a ruinously extravagant bunch of pink roses sent to Miss Berkeley's dressing-room at the theatre, and, as an afterthought, he sent some out to the little house in Harlem, too. "I don't fancy the poor old girl has many roses sent her," he reflected.

"ORDERED A RUINOUSLY EXTRAVAGANT BUNCH OF PINK ROSES.

In the afternoon he wandered miserably into the theatre, where he found the great manager personally superintending the disposal of some scenery, and was chaffed by that gentleman upon his unhappy mien.

"Oh, that's all right," said he, wagging his head, "you may chaff all you like, but I tell you if *your* funeral were coming off to-night you'd look just as interested about it as I do. I've tried to drink myself into insensibility, but drink won't affect me at all. It only makes me sadder. Tell me a funny story, won't you? If I don't laugh you can make believe it's because I'm only an Englishman. Great heavens, only three o'clock! There are just five hours and a half yet, and every da— blessed one of them is sixty years long."

Nevertheless, at the expiration of those three hundred and thirty years he found

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himself standing in the rear of a crowded theatre while the orchestra played a gay and spirited air that Calthrop will never forget so long as he lives.

"You oughtn't to be playing that, you know," he complained inwardly. "You ought to play Chopin's 'Funeral March' or the 'Dead March' out of 'Saul.' This thing is altogether too frivolous and light hearted."

"FOUND HIMSELF STANDING IN THE REAR OF A CROWDED THEATRE."

There was a polite round of applause as each of the well-known members of the company appeared, and a prolonged roar when Miss Berkeley came upon the stage.

"That's right, that's right!" cried young Calthrop, screwing about in his chair excitedly—he had taken an aisle seat near the back of the house. "Keep it up, God bless you! Don't get tired! Keep it up!" and he settled back with a little sigh as the applause abruptly ceased, to allow the play to proceed.

There could be no doubt that the piece was catching on. Its atmosphere was genuine and convincing, and the lines won a constant appreciation that increased as time went forward. Young Calthrop's smile grew broader and more comprehensive. From the eager state of mind of a jockey who tries to push along with his own strength the already good efforts of the horse he rides, he fell into a pleased calm, the calm of assured success, of an anxiety put away.

He mingled with the cigarette-smoking

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crowd in the lobby, between the first and second acts, and listened to their comments, which were almost invariably enthusiastic, though he cherished, for a moment, murderous designs upon one cynic who remarked to a companion that this sort of nursery gabble might amuse the matinee girls but that for his part he preferred stronger meat, something a bit racier.

The second act went quite as well as the first, and at its end there were several curtain calls, and a great many flowers sent up over the footlights, contrary to the rules of the theatre.

"Ah, just you wait, my friends," murmured a certain young man from his aisle chair. "If you like this, just wait until the end of the next act." And he went around behind the curtain to express his delight. The manager was smiling and triumphant.

"What did I tell you?" he demanded, pumping at young Calthrop's hands. "Didn't I say it was going to catch them? By Jove, they've hardly missed a point, and they've taken to things that I thought would never get a hand. Success? why, my very dear man, it's a mere stroll around the track! It's a record breaker! Now look here, you clear out of this. You're in the way. No, you can't see Miss Berkeley or any one. They're all dressing for the third act. But I say, come around after the last."

The third act, in accordance with stage tradition, contained the "strong" scene, and at its end there was such a noisy confusion of applause, calls for "speech, speech," and unstinted expressions of approval from the gallery as the Lyric had seldom, if ever before, heard. Many more flowers were passed up over the footlights, and Miss Berkeley was called before the curtain again and again, till at last she shook her brown head in desperation and positively refused to appear again.

"Didn't I tell you so?" said young Mr. Calthrop to the world at large. "Didn't I tell you to wait until the end of this act? I tell you, this is a ripping good play—if I did write it! Of course," he added, apologetically, "it's the acting that really makes it good. I don't mean to crow about my part of the thing—but, I assure you, the next act is just as good."

After the close of the fourth and final act, while most of the audience were upon their feet cheering and applauding and the rest were hunting for hats and sticks under the seats, he went quickly around to the wings and stood there smiling cheerfully, while the curtain was rung up and down, and up and down again, with the entire cast strung out across the stage, hand in hand. Then when the curtain was down to remain, and Miss Berkeley was out in front of it bowing to a still unsatisfied throng, he went in to where the company stood laughing and talking together and told them what tremendous hits they had made, and congratulated them one by one, and said how he wished he might always write plays for just that company.

They said they knew no reason why he shouldn't, and nearly dislocated his right arm telling him how much they thought of him, till the "old woman" held up a warning hand and said:

"S-s-s-h! If I'm not mistaken, there's a noise out there that concerns you, Mr. Calthrop."

They all listened and young Calthrop turned pale. The house was undoubtedly shouting "Author! Author!"

"I won't go!" cried Calthrop, wildly. "I won't, I tell you! Let me alone! Why, Lord of—— I tell you I shall fall in a fit and die on your hands—then you'd be sorry, wouldn't you? I won't go!" But they gathered about him in an eager, laughing group and pushed him toward the curtain, while the great manager smiled paternally from the distance and said:

"Go on, go on; they want you; it's your turn now!"

Then Miss Berkeley, very flushed and panting, burst in from before the curtain, and seized him by the arm.

"Not go on!" she cried; "of course you're going on! Don't you hear them calling for you?" And young Calthrop followed her like a lamb.

The great glare of the footlights struck him like a blow. The mass of pale upturned faces seemed curiously near, as if he might touch it by stretching out his hand, and it was making a great deal of noise. He felt that he must look an absolute idiot all alone there in that searching light. He felt like a bear in a pit—a bear that every one was laughing at and making fun of. Then all at once the noise ceased, and young Calthrop gave a little gasp and took a step forward to the mass of faces.

"I am sure it's—it's awfully jolly of you," he began.

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"A little louder!" remarked a voice from the gallery. "Just a little louder *if* you please!" Some of the people laughed, and Calthrop grinned unhappily.

"Oh—I—beg pardon," said he. "I was just saying that it's—it's very, very jolly of you to—like our play, and to—think of my part in it, though what the dev— what in the world you called me out for I'm sure I don't know. I—I really can't make a speech, you know—I can only say: Thank you. Oh, but I say!—" he cried, moving down a bit closer to the footlights, "don't waste your time and applause on me—my part is such a small one!—but give every bit of it where it really belongs—to Miss Evelyn Berkeley!—and let me help you do it!"

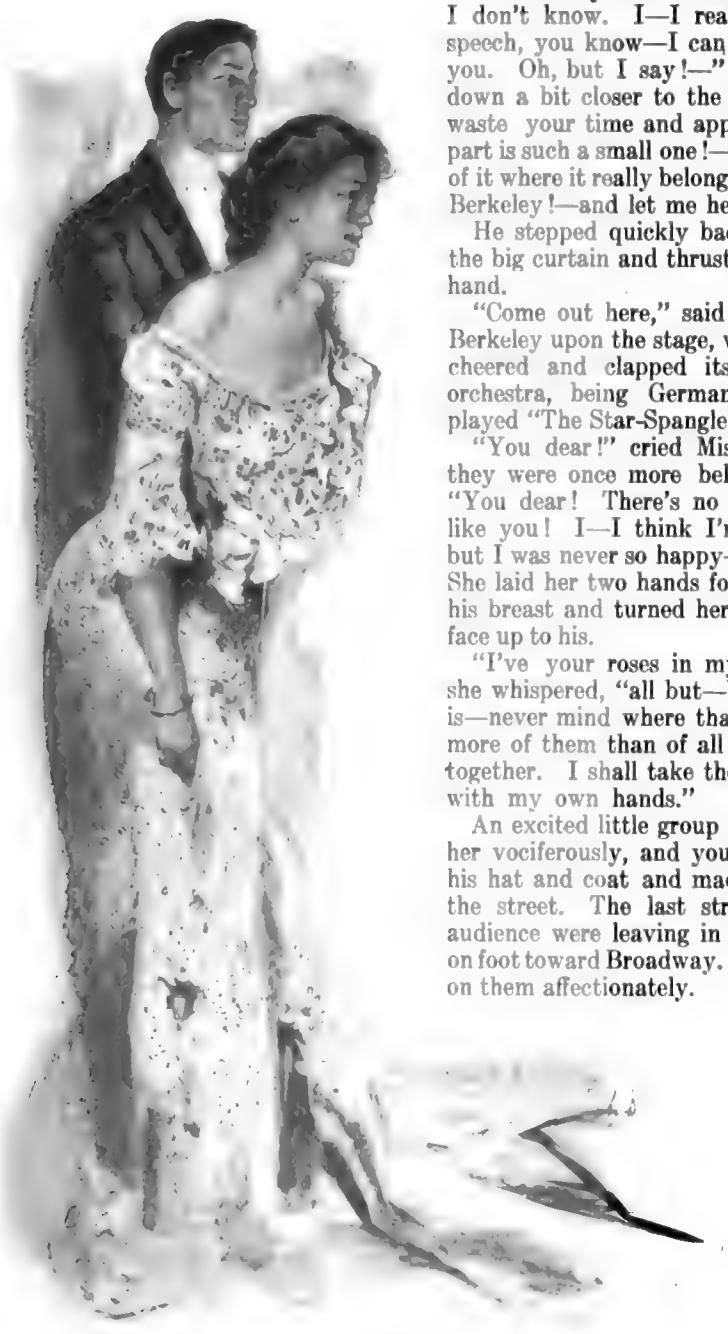
He stepped quickly back to the edge of the big curtain and thrust it aside with one hand.

"Come out here," said he, and led Miss Berkeley upon the stage, while the audience cheered and clapped its hands and the orchestra, being German and hysterical, played "The Star-Spangled Banner."

"You dear!" cried Miss Berkeley when they were once more behind the curtain. "You dear! There's no one in the world like you! I—I think I'm going to cry—but I was never so happy—in all my—life." She laid her two hands for an instant upon his breast and turned her beautiful flushed face up to his.

"I've your roses in my dressing-room," she whispered, "all but—but one, and that is—never mind where that one is. I think more of them than of all these others put together. I shall take them home to-night with my own hands."

An excited little group of friends claimed her vociferously, and young Calthrop took his hat and coat and made his way out to the street. The last stragglers from the audience were leaving in their carriages or on foot toward Broadway. Calthrop beamed on them affectionately.



"LED MISS BERKELEY UPON THE STAGE."

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"Bless your hearts!" said he, with a comfortable smile. "You know a good thing when you see it, don't you? I'd like to shake hands with every one of you."

It was a cool, fresh night with stars and a little north breeze. Calthrop drew a long, deep breath and stretched his arms. He felt that his race was run, well run and won, and it left him with the happy sense of extreme well being, of friendship with all the world.

The cabmen, ranged along the street, raised gravely interrogative fingers as he paused on the curb, but he shook his head and turned toward Broadway on foot. He wanted to walk, to breathe the clean night air, to taste the freedom that comes from moving about after a long strain.

Once in the two-pair-back in Twenty-fourth Street, he lighted the gas, all the gas the room afforded, and filled the old 'varsity pipe that had shared the labors of these last months so faithfully. He stood before the portrait of Miss Evelyn Berkeley and bowed profoundly.

"We've won, my lady," said young Calthrop. "I told you we would win, didn't I? I knew it was bound to come. I don't know why I should have been so certain, but I was. We've been through some heavy seas and we've come very, very close to shipwreck, but we've won, my lady!"

The portrait seemed somehow less ready to smile through the blue smoke wreaths to-night. It looked out over his head with its grave, questioning gaze. The lips trembled toward a smile—but the smile seemed not for him. Young Calthrop dropped into a chair by the little old writing table, where the play had had its birth, and regarded Miss Berkeley with an anxious frown.

"You don't mean to say you're not pleased?" he demanded. "Nonsense, you are, too! You told me only half an hour ago that you were never so happy in all your life. And then—why, then your friends came and—and took you away from me."

He puffed for a time in frowning silence.

"Your friends came and took you away from me," he mused. "I wonder—I wonder if that's just it. I wonder if that doesn't sum up the whole situation. If—if things were a little different you wouldn't have let them take you away, would you? I wonder if they'd always do that! Your friends and your thousands of admirers and your work and your ambition! I wonder if I were to go to you to-morrow and ask for tea—and things—if I'd get them. Oh, yes, you said I would whenever I should come—but would I? You're a very famous actress, my lady, famous in two countries, and you're young, oh, very young, and beautiful. If you wanted to marry you'd fly higher than an unknown young maker of plays, wouldn't you? Yes, ah, yes! I might have thought of that—why, even if you'd—marry me—me, now while—while we're thrown together here, wouldn't you be sorry? Afterward, I mean, long afterward, when you had become much greater and more famous than you are now, and had even more men of consequence at your feet?"

He rose impatiently from the chair and took up the familiar march up and down the length of the room, pulling hard at the sputtering pipe.

"Somehow, my lady," said he, "you seem further from me to-night than ever before, up on your pinnacle of success and popularity and fame—surrounded by all those people who know you and make much of you and tell you what a future you have in store. I wouldn't figure well in that future, would I? They'd be aghast at the idea of its including me, wouldn't they? Still—to-night you said I was a 'dear.' My heart jumped a bit then—was it just excitement, joy over the triumph? You cared more for my roses than for all those other flowers put together. Was it just kindness, gratitude? My lady, my lady, I don't know! Upon my faith, I don't know! So here's for bed and a good night's sleep. *La nuit porte conseil.* God grant us clear sight in the morning!"

CHAPTER XVI.

HE had left orders for all the newspapers to be brought to his room early, and he read them—or at least their notices of "Journeys End"—in bed. They were better than he could have hoped, more favorable than the most sanguine could have dared expect. Calthrop had been no such fool as to imagine that the popular triumph of the night before would mean unstinted praise in the press, and he opened the papers one by one with some nervousness. One by one they were lavish of good words—not fulsome flattery, but hearty congratulations to company and author. Some of them pointed out shortcomings, faults that young Calthrop was

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forced to admit worthy of consideration. But all were strongly encouraging—all, that is, with the exception of one very "yellow" sheet, whose critic—alas! an Englishman born—saw fit to follow his usual custom and produce a would-be epigrammatic column of flippant and silly abuse—still, since this person was nowhere seriously regarded, he didn't trouble young Calthrop in the least.

"The last wall," said he, stropping his razor, "the critics! And now the world's ours!"

With his coffee there came the early mail, two letters with tuppence ha' penny stamps. He knew the writing on each. One was from—he turned his head and smiled toward the girl on the mantel—from Molly, bless her! He laid it aside as one saves the best for the last. The other, why, the other looked like Moxam's hand. Good old Moxam! But it wasn't time for Moxam's quarterly remittance. What could he be writing about? He tore open the envelope and unfolded the gray sheets curiously. Yes, it was old Moxam's queer, crabbed little hand. No typewriters for Moxam & Moxam!

"Our painful duty—" he read hastily—"inform you—death of Edward sixth Earl of Oxbridge—general collapse following death of only son—doubtless already known to you—newspapers—your city——"

Oxbridge dead! dead a week ago! Calthrop dropped the letter with a white face. Newspapers! Why, he had hardly glanced at a paper for over a week. Oxbridge dead! And poor Harry dead, too! Yes, he knew that—but—why then, the title—he snatched up the letter again. His hand shook a bit as he held it.

"In absence of direct issue—title and entailed estates revert, of course, to you. Take it for granted that your return to England—not be delayed. Old Duke very feeble—much broken——"

Calthrop felt blindly for the faithful old pipe and filled and lighted it.

"And I'm—Earl of Oxbridge!" said he slowly, and stared frowning at the wall. "Earl of Oxbridge! And the old Duke's very feeble—much broken—in time I'll be Duke of Strope."

He moved uncertainly up and down the room, frowning still. His eyes met the portrait of Miss Evelyn Berkeley, but she seemed still to be looking out over his head, beyond him somewhere—the lips would not smile.

"What to do?" said young Calthrop, beating his hands together softly. "What in Heaven's name to do? I can't go back there. My work's cut out here. I'm beginning to be of some consequence! What to do? Go back—there—back to—*home?*—home?" A queer little smile came to his face, a far away smile. He was beginning to smell may and box and gorse again—to feel a horse between his knees—to see. The eyes of the little picture in the gold frame met his own.

"Molly!" cried young Calthrop in a strange, shaking voice, and all at once it was as if he had left her yesterday. All this latter toil and struggle, all the life of this new world, bitterness, yes, and triumph, too, sweet as it was, dropped from him like a garment. He tore open the square, thick envelope with trembling fingers. The faintest possible scent came from the paper. It was like the scent of Molly's black hair.

"Jack, Jack!" said the letter—and young Calthrop's heart began to leap. She had used to call him "Jack" because Cecil was such a dreadful name to do anything with: you couldn't shorten it properly. "You'll have heard by this time from your solicitors the — news. I tried to say 'terrible news,' Jack, but I can't! I can't! It's joyful news, dear, the joyfullest news that a certain little English girl ever in all her life has heard, for it is going to bring you back to—us—isn't it, Jack, isn't it? You'll not stop out there in that dreadful place any longer, will you? Of course you won't, though—it's foolish to ask. My boy, what a time you've had, haven't you? Storm and stress, Jack, heavy seas and foul weather, but it's over now, thank God! I think I've suffered through it all as much as you, more, perhaps, for I could only sit at home and dream and hope and—wait. Waiting's harder than working, boy. True, I had your letters. Alas! there were but five of them! and they helped some; they were dear, brave letters. Ah, for the time to come when there needn't be any more letters! Have you ever feared for an instant that I might forget you, Jack? Forget! You don't know me! If it had been a lifetime instead of six months, I shouldn't have forgotten one little thing, one little detail. You thought when you went away that it was forever, didn't you, dear? You thought you were giving up home

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and the home people and—and me, forever. I remember you told me to forget you—to think of you as dead. Jack, you ought to have known better than to tell a woman that! I didn't forget—I didn't even want to. There were things that I should have remembered when I came to die of old age, smiled with happiness over—— Ah, enough of this! Come home, Boy! Come home to the good old sights and sounds and smells—can you think of them now without a thrill? You can't, I know. Come home to the friends who are waiting for you, to the girl who—wants you. Oh, yes, yes, dear, and loves you, *loves* you! It's been a long journey, but it's near the end. What do journeys end in, Jack? Ah, lovers' meetings! Every wise man's son doth know. The days are very long, dearest. Come back to us. Ah, no, come back to me! I'm waiting at the Towers. MOLLY."

Calthrop threw out his arms over the little table and laid his face upon them.

"Journeys end — in lovers' meetings! Journeys end in lovers' meetings."

A maid knocked at the door with a note.

"By messenger, sir," she said.

Calthrop tore open the envelope and spread out the sheet. There was a little gold E. B. in the upper corner.

"Have you seen the papers?" asked the note. "Aren't they dears, nearly every one of them? I'm half mad for joy. Think what a step this is for me! And, just fancy, the greatest actor in America, the very greatest, said to me last night after it was all over, 'You have a future before you, my dear, such as no other young woman on the stage can look forward to.' What do you think of that? Ah, but that's not what I started to write. You see, I am a bit excited and inconsequent. Won't you come to see me this afternoon? We've such a lot to talk over, you know, about the play and about—oh, a lot of things. Why did you slip away so quickly last night? I wanted you to stay. I even sent some one out to the street to look for you, but you were quite gone. You will come this afternoon, won't you? There's your tea, you know. Would you care to hear that your roses are here on the table where I sit—all but one of them? Come at four. I've much to say to you, so very much.

"EVELYN BERKELEY."

Young Calthrop sat for a long time smoothing the blue notepaper with his fingers. Once he looked up at the picture above the writing table, and it seemed to him that Miss Berkeley's great eyes met his, infinitely kind, wondering a bit, as always, but very soft and tender and beautiful. She seemed to stir and breathe, as she sat there in the flaring old-fashioned gown with the roses, to lean forward slightly toward him, and through the morning noises that came up into the room from the areas below and from the streets he could hear her voice, very low. And he knew quite well what was the unspoken message that the note on the pale blue paper bore.

He rose and went over to the mantel where stood the picture of the Honorable Molly Hartwell. He looked at the waving black hair drawn to a big knot at the back of the neck. He looked, with an old, familiar thrill, into the great eyes that met his own so frankly, so honestly, at the long, straight English brows and the fine nose and that little Greek mouth with the curled upper lip, and the beautiful full white throat that rose from the most splendid shoulders he had ever seen. He remembered all he had fought for months to keep out of his mind.

"Molly!" whispered the Earl of Oxbridge, "Molly, I seem to have been having a long, queer dream, and some of it was bad, a nightmare, and some of it was—sweet, I think." He kissed the little picture and set it down before him.

"But I'm awake now," said he, drawing a long, deep breath and squaring his shoulders. "I'm awake now. I'm—I'm"—his eyes caught the gravely smiling eyes across the room, and his voice faltered and trailed away into silence. It seemed to him that he heard her voice again, over the outdoor noises of the city, very low.

"I tell you!" he cried, setting his back defiantly against the mantel and frowning across the space, "I tell you it was a dream! I don't belong here. I'm Earl of Oxbridge. I'm no writer of plays. I don't belong here. Fate played me a queer trick, and for a time I thought — ah, never mind what I thought! It was all a queer dream. My place is elsewhere—and the journey's over."

His voice trailed away once more into silence, and his feet bore him unconsciously to the other side of the room and the little old writing table there. And he stood looking anxiously into Miss Berkeley's eyes, his hands clasping and unclasping and straining, the one upon the other.

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"Can't you see?" he argued, "that I must go? Can't you see that I belong there—that my place is in my home? Why do you try to make it so hard for me?" And once more he thought that he heard her voice—very low. It set his heart to racing.

He sat down heavily and laid his head in his hands with a little sigh. His body and his perception of the things about him seemed dulled, but his mind went swiftly, as do the minds, they say, of people drowning or falling from great heights, over all his life and into the two futures open to him, very swiftly with a certain unnatural activity.

"Journeys end—in lovers' meetings," he whispered, but he did not know that he spoke. It was the journey's end in either event. He knew that. Whether he went back to England, where his place awaited him among all the sweet old familiar home things—and by Molly's side, or stopped here in America, where he had, all in a night, sprung into fame, in either event troubles and hardships were over, and the future opened fair and clear.

From London and Devonshire the home things called with a sweetness that no one but an exile can understand, and above them all beckoned Molly's eyes. Here in America lay the joy and pride of a triumph out of personal endeavor, a hard-won victory that presaged fame and fortune and—— He glanced up for an instant at the picture above the table. He realized fully, as he faced the question now in all gravity, what sort of a future lay before him here. He knew that he could do, with enlarging experience and ripening powers, much better work than this present play, and the life drew him strongly, for he placed a high value upon personal achievement; but across the ocean lay that which drew as strongly, for he bore under his enthusiasm and independence the Englishman's inborn reverence for the responsibilities of rank.

The morning grew brighter and warmer. There came up into the open windows a rattling of ash-tins from the areas below, the subdued roar of the elevated trains from Sixth Avenue, a wheezing strain of Verdi from the street organ, once the sharp staccato whistle of a fire-engine passing near. But the man sat very still by the little writing table, his elbows upon the table's top, and his face in his hands.

An hour later he pulled a sheet of notepaper toward him, smiling the confident assured smile of one whose mind is irrevocably fixed. He wrote the letter. Then he took up his hat and stick and gloves and went into the street. He did not glance at either of the two portraits as he left the room.

He went quickly along the untidy pavement of Twenty-fourth Street and picked his way across Madison Square toward the post-office on the corner. He held the letter which he had written carefully in one hand, but its face was turned inward, so that it could not be seen whether the stamp on it was for foreign or domestic carriage.

THE END.

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THE RAPIER OF FERRARA.

By

Atherton Brownell.

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IN one sense Gaston Mauffrais had gone up in the world. The matter had been talked over at the Fencers' Club, where many of his old pupils now sought a younger master, as well as among others who had learned *carte* and *contre* from him in the days of his pristine vigor, the result being that he was placed upon the shelf with ceremonies befitting the occasion—a benefit.

It was, in another sense, a come-down when Mauffrais took up his new quarters in what was practically a garret, but, characteristically enough, he failed to recognize the situation. Few cared to climb the interminable stairs that led to his present *salle d'armes* and living quarters combined. There was still to be found here, it is true, the atmosphere of the old régime, but stripped of its elegance. Here was the fencing strip, the rows of foils forming a kind of dado about the walls, the divan for resting after the assault, a few pictures of the old masters of the art and reproductions of famous fencing scenes and duels. But more than all else did Mauffrais prize and cherish the few old blades which had seen service with him in other days in many lands, and which now, in honorable retirement, hung in artistic confusion upon the walls where the eye of the maître often lingered and dreamt with them of dead glories, of past fame.

Of the hosts who had previously haunted the old man's strip but one remained constant, came daily for his lessons, did not seem to count the hours spent there as wasted, and whose enthusiasm caused him to pay double and triple the moderate price now asked for instruction. Whether this generosity and enthusiasm were due solely to an abiding devotion to the sword or whether the bright eyes of Melanie, Mauffrais' pretty granddaughter, had something to do with it, can only be determined by the course of events.

But it is certain that, save for the continued patronage of Franklin Randolph, the little sum received from the benefit, even though eked out by Melanie's sewing, would have been hardly sufficient to keep from the door that wolf which could not be despatched by a happy thrust of the sword or a slash from a sabre. Thus it was that, as Melanie sat one day upon the divan industriously polishing the blade of an ancient sword—a genuine Ferrara—she knew whose step it was that sounded on the stair and gayly responded "Entrez, monsieur!" to the vigorous knock that sounded upon the door.

Evidently she and Randolph were on good terms, for he walked quickly to her and would have taken her in his arms had she

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not playfully presented the point of her sword at his breast and cried: "On your guard, monsieur!"

"Pooh!" said Randolph, sweeping the point aside with his arm. "That is easily parried," and then in a softer tone, "in your hands. It is from your eyes that I should be on guard." And he took her in his arms and kissed her very gently, as though that were the usual preliminary to a fencing lesson.

"Sh-h-h!" said Melanie, slowly releasing herself. "Grand-père veel come!"

"Let him! Is not this a school of arms, and am I not an apt pupil?"

At that moment the voice of Gaston Mauffrais was heard calling from an inner room to know the hour. The voice was old and quavering, but beneath it there was a suggestion of strength which belied its tremor.

"Monsieur Randolph ees here for hees lesson," called Melanie.

"C'est bien!" came back the answer. "He ees prompt. I veel be prepare."

"Poor old grand-père!" murmured Melanie. "He do not know zat he ees old and rusty—like zis blade," she said, as her eye fell upon it. And then, with a little laugh as she sprung it against the floor, "but zey both have ze tempaire still."

Randolph would have prolonged the conversation, but Melanie demurely indicated the farther door and said, "Grand-père vould be ver' angry eef you keep heem avait. Your costume ees ready." And Randolph, with a gesture of impatience, hurried to the dressing-room.

Melanie had resumed her occupation and was rubbing vigorously the small spots of rust which had made their appearance upon the ancient blade, when she became aware that her grandfather had entered the room. Looking up she saw the figure of an old man clad in a rusty black velvet fencing suit, threadbare and shabby though scrupulously brushed, and worn with the air of a king in his robe of state. Years of military training, of poise on guard, had left their impress upon his figure. A head of noble proportions, surmounted by a wealth of snow-white hair; a face that should have looked out from a canvas for its keenness and its strength; the forehead wide and the chin narrow, accentuated by the inevitable imperial which rivalled the fierce mustache in its bristling aspect. But more noticeable than all were the deep-set, far-reaching eyes, which could now be tender and now flash with a fierce light.

But at this moment they were dead and fishy as, mechanically noticing her occupation, Mauffrais said to Melanie, "Vat you do zere?"

"See, grand-père," said the girl, holding out the sword, "it was rusty. Now I make it bright."

"Ventre bleu!" cried Gaston, and his eye became alive as he drew himself to his full height. "Mon Ferrara—in ze hand of a vooman! Gif heem to me—to me, I say," as he imperiously held forth his hand to receive the sword which was tremblingly held out, for Melanie knew the mood which seemed now to be coming on.

Lovingly, tenderly, gently as though it were a child, Mauffrais ran his hand down the light blade and caressed it pityingly. "Ah, mon Ferrara—to be handled by a vooman! From ze hands of ze great Poepins Mauffrais, my ancestor, haf I receive you; no hand but mine has vielded you, and now—now you haf rested in ze hand of a vooman!"

Melanie expected the old man to weep, and to avert this catastrophe ventured

"SHE KNEW WHOSE STEP IT WAS . . . AND GAYLY RESPONDED 'ENTREZ, MONSIEUR!'"

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softly, "Mais, grand-père, I was but removing ze rust. Ze sword—he do not care."

The threatened shower of tears was averted, but in its place came a storm. "Ze sword not care! Remove ze rust! Non—let heem rust viz hees mastaire—ve grow old togezzer, mon Ferrara! A-ha, he know me and he know zat I lofe heem! He haf ze soul, ze spirit, and he know ze hand zat rule heem! Mais si, in ze hand zat know heem not he can be ze insolent, ze overbearing bully, and he betray heem who ees not his friend. Oui, he ees ze diplomat, ze wary and polished courtier. In one moment he ees all courtesy—zen all menace. Now he ees keen on ze attack, zen he change to ze protecting angel. Zat ees mon Ferrara! I know heem—he know me—I lofe heem! Let us rust togezzer!"

Perhaps Melanie lacked something of sympathy. Perhaps, even, she was wondering whence would come the dinner the old man surely would expect when the mood had passed, for she replied most practically, "Oui, grand-père, I know—but he will not feed us."

But Mauffrais was too high in the clouds to think of dinner. "Not feed us, child!" was his scornful answer. "He haf vork for us all our lives. And ven he go, zere vill be none to feed."

"But, grand-père, you are getting old. The—the pupils are not so many——"

"Ha! But I haf *one* pupeel—ze grand pupeel!"

"Oui, Monsieur Randolph."

"Oui, oui, he haf ze disposition, ze hand, he haf ze eye. Let ze ozzaires go. In heem vill I show ze vorld ze grand fencer. See, I am old, faible, zis hand ees veak, zis eye haf lost his fire, zis brain ees slow—but in heem, his youth and my art, zey live togezzer, and some day—some day, child, I vill show ze vorld zat Mauffrais ees not dead—zat Mauffrais live in hees pupeel!"

"Yes, yes, I know, grand-père, but Monsieur Randolph, we—he—why, we have no money but what he gives us."

"Oui, oui, Monsieur Randolph is ver' generous. He pay more zan my price. Ha! But vas ees monnaie? I vould teach *heem* for nozzing."

"But, grand-père, we are dependent upon him," persisted Melanie. "I—I do not like it."

"Dependent! Vat ees dat? Ze monnaie ees nozzing." And Mauffrais drew himself to his full height, the shaky old legs now for a moment strong in response to the mental elevation that took possession of him. "I teach heem my art. Ze obligation—ze favor—ees on ze ozzaire side."

Ah, Melanie, you were not meant to be a diplomat, else you would never have taken this time to lead up to the proposition which has been trembling on your tongue so long. The thrill of expectancy as the hour for the single daily lesson arrived, the happiness she felt at her grandfather's praise of Randolph and perhaps something of revolt of pride at the thought of being in any way a subject of his bounty, all urged her to reveal to Mauffrais her plan of independence, of liberation from the sweet ties which she felt tightening about her—fetters which she would kiss and break, only to sigh for again when once they were loosed.

Leading Mauffrais to the divan she directed his thought to France, to the home of his childhood which she had never seen. Then she drew forth from the bosom of her dress a letter which she was cherishing. "See," said she, "we can go. We can be independent, almost rich if you will. This letter explains. It is from the rich collector of swords in Boston. He has heard of your collection and will buy them. He will give you one thousand dollars for them all." And she tucked the letter into her grandfather's hand.

At first Mauffrais seemed dazed by the proposition as he murmured, "Un tousand dollaire!" Then, as the full import of her words came over him, he burst forth, "Mille tonneres! Sell my swords! Ha!" And leaping to his feet he slowly let his gaze move round the room at the dumb emblems of his past glory. He stretched forth his arms to them, and speaking as though no one else were near, he almost whispered: "Mes enfants! Do you hear vat ees said? Zey ask me to sell you! Ah, vere zat man here zese tongues of steel should answer ze insult! Part viz zese, ze companions of my life—for monnaie! Zey, who cheer my age! Ha! And vich should I sell first? Zis von?" And his eye lingered longingly on an old French army sabre that showed many a scar. Lifting it tenderly from its place he held it at arm's length, running his eyes down its now serrated edge. "Sell zis von? No, he save my life ven I fight viz ze German butcher for ze honnaire of ze French army. Ha! I remember zat day. Ve fight viz ze sabre,

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for ze insult vas deep and ze Dutchman he know not ze foil. Ze grass vas smooth and he know not vy I peek ze gr-round, so—and—so—but ha, ha, I no sleep ven ve fight. 'En garde' say ze second. He feint for ze cheek—so—I parry; he lunge—I retreat; he sleep a leetle on ze grass, ha, ha, I am at him—I feint so—r-r-rough! Zen I feint so—r-r-rough! Zen I attack him," and the sabre whistled through the air as the old man fought his battle over again, "R-r-r-rough! R-r-rough! R-r-r-r-rough! And I r-r-r-rip heem up!" And Mauffrais shrugged his shoulders and turned away in lofty contempt from the figure he again saw before him. "Sell zis von? No. He haf, through me, saved ze honnaire of ze French army!"

Again his glance passed along the walls as he murmured, "Zen vat vill I sell?" until it fell upon an old blade of the First Empire. "Zis von!" and that too rested lovingly in his hand. "Vieux comrade! Zis sword, he go viz mon père in ze old guard. Side by side zey go togezzer and strike great blow for France—at Austerlitz, Marengo, on ze Nile, and see, see zis mark," as he drew the blade from its scabbard, "ze mark of ze great parry ven zis blade, in ze hands of mon pere, defend ze neck of ze great Napoleon and preserve him for ze country. He, ze saviour of ze Empereur, shall I sell heem?"

Then his eye fell upon the Ferrara, resting where he had laid it, and he gathered it very gently into his arms and spoke to it very softly so that none might hear the confidence that passed between them. "Mon Ferrara!" and the words were a caress. "Zey vish me to part viz you! Mon Ferrara, do you remember ze day ven ve fight viz all ze mastaires of ze army, Jean Louis, Cordelois, Gatechair, Bertrand; von after ze ozzaire zey come, and you drink zeir blood! Ah, zat vas ze gr-rand day, and how you leap and dance viz ze joy as you deceive zeir blade—aha, you fool zem, mon Ferrara—and *pink* zem, von after ze ozzaire, and zey fall before Mauffrais and hees Ferrara! Oui, I am Mauffrais! I am ze gr-rand Mauffrais! I keel zem all, but so sweetly—zat zey vish to die!"

Then, turning to all his swords, he burst forth, "Ah, mes amis! Zey ask me to part viz you. Non—non, I say, child. Ve vill starve, perhaps, but ve vill starve viz honneur! Ve vill not betray our friends!"

But so fine a frenzy could not last. The weakened heart refused longer to stimulate him. The enfeebled muscles relaxed, and the old man sank exhausted upon the divan, where Melanie crept to him, stunned and dazed at the monstrous proposition of which she had been guilty in his eyes. She said no word, but Mauffrais felt a tear drop upon his hand and he turned weakly to her, saying, "You veep, child. Vy you veep?"

"Ah, grand-père, why do you love them so much more than you do me?"

Rousing himself, Mauffrais took her very tenderly into his withered old arms. "Ah, ma pauvre souris! My poor little mouse! Non—non—not more as you. Zey are my friends—ze comrade of ze long years. You—you are my child—ma petite souris blanche. Do not be jealous of ze whims of an old mustache!"

It was thus that Randolph found them as he emerged from the dressing-room clothed in immaculate white. It may have been the contrasts in the picture that he saw, or it may have been a thought of the fine chivalry of the master protecting with his old arm the tender bit of womanhood consigned by a dying son to his care, that moved Randolph, but at that moment he felt more of a desire to become one of that group than to present his point, blunted though it might be, at the breast of his instructor. It was with a pang of regret that he saw Melanie dismissed from the *salle d'armes* as Mauffrais began to don his plastron, saying, with something akin to a twinkle in his eye, "Ze lesson do not progress better ven ze bright eyes look on," and then, more seriously, when they were alone, "Ze sword permit no interference. She demand ze seul devotion."

He who has not undergone the discouragement that comes to the violinist in mastering his bow, the pianist in making those stiff fingers run rapidly over the keys, does not know the drudgery of the fencer in controlling the elusive blade, countering, reversing, now opposing suppleness to strength, now holding the wrist like iron, while the insensate blade seems to delight in going off by itself, upon tangents, as it were, allowing the adversary's blade to glide in and bring forth the spontaneous "touché!" in acknowledgment of the hit.

And if there ever lived a master who was uncompromising in his devotion to the niceties of detail of his art, that master was Gaston Mauffrais. "See, see," he would repeat, "ze foot is ze anchor, ze legs are ze

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springs, so," and as he lunged the poor old legs quivered and would scarcely support him. "Ah, zese legs, zese stupid legs," and he would strike them smartly with his foil. "Vy you do zat, eh? Ah, eef zey fail me in my old age, let zeir youth plead for zem!"

When nerves, muscles and sinews would no longer perform their work, Randolph threw down his foil in disgust. "I shall never learn — never," he declared.

"Ah, not so," said Gaston, reassuringly. He did not feel Randolph's fatigue, for in the lesson he had favored himself in order to be fresh for the assault that he knew would be asked. "You must not be discourage. Eet ees a great art. You cannot learn in von day, nor von year, nor von life. No von fence good —some are not so bad as ze ozzaires."

Now Randolph and Mauffrais are to make the assault. A word of instruction now and then from the master, perhaps, an exclamation of commendation, but no orders are given, and each man is striving to deceive his adversary's blade and to implant his point cleanly in that limited space where a touch is valid. Here the skill of Mauffrais is more than offset by the younger man's greater vigor and quickness; still to pass that glittering blade, held in the almost nerveless hand of the master, is no mean task, and to always present an opposing blade to the elder man's deft movements is well nigh impossible. "Touché!" cries Randolph, indicating his arm.

"Non—non," says Mauffrais deprecatingly and pausing. "Do not parry viz ze arm. Remember ze chivalry of ze sword, and give a fair front always to ze adversaire. Protect yourself viz ze sword, not viz ze arm, for you be touched through eet. A fair front always, monsieur, and do not avoid by ze duck, like zis," and he bends sharply forward to hide his breast, "for zen you get le coup de toreador — how you call eet?—you get eet in ze neck."

GASTON MAUFFRAIS, MAITRE D'ARMES.

They resume. "Put more of ze malice—ze malice in ze attack—like zis—" and he lunges quickly, only to be parried by a masterly counter. "A la bonheur! Good parry!" And then Randolph, following the example set, lunges quickly and touches Mauffrais somewhat below the belt line. "Touché," cries Mauffrais, "but not so low—not so low —on ze breast over ze heart. Remember, ze fencing is ze art, not ze butcher's vork! Zis ees a school of arms, not a surgery. I haf not ze appendicitis. Again, on guard."

And the assault goes on, Randolph receiving frequent commendation from the master as he reaches him often and more often as the poor old legs begin to quaver and the weakened arm becomes more and more feeble in its efforts to parry or direct the lunge. Presently Mauffrais, summoning his remaining strength, finds his opening. He retreats a step to lure Randolph into fancied security, then lunges long and full at his breast. "Touché," cries Randolph, as he feels the button smite sharply against him. "A perfect touch," and then he drops his foil and reaches quickly forward towards his master, who has used his last atom of strength in that lunge, cannot recover, and

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is falling forward. "You are fatigued, monsieur. Let me assist you."

"Oui—oui—" comes in a weak voice as the mask is removed. Then, leaning on the strong arm of his pupil, "Ze Mauffrais of ze ozzaire days ees no more. Hees arm ees veak—zese legs are stupid—zese lungs zey vheeze—and zis heart"—tapping his breast weakly—"zis heart zat vonce beat so strong now flirt viz ze old man and play heem tricks. Zis heart get lazy and sometime no vill vork for ze old man. Oui, monsieur, I haf gif my heart to my art."

"Rest a little here," says Randolph, guiding him to the divan, "perhaps we should fence no more to-day."

"Non—non—forgive ze weakness of an old man—but ve no stop. I make zis old heart do hees vork. Help me zere," and he indicates his sleeping-room; "ze doctaire haf gif to me a whip for mon coeur ven he get lazy and like zis and no vill vork. I vill get ze medicine—I whip my heart until he be ashamed to be so lazy—zen, zen ve vill fight more! Doucement! Doucement!" and slowly he is assisted to his chamber.

Randolph gazed after the retreating figure, now bowed and bent, in undisguised admiration. Like all Americans, he placed "sand" at the head of the manly virtues, and here in this old and decrepit Frenchman he found an indomitable spirit fighting through a rusted and worn-out body. He admired the will which refused to recognize the advancing hosts of years, which would sweep them back, which would fight them, were they tangible, exchange cards with each and all of them and meet them on the field of honor. He thought again of the old man's lofty aspirations, his unfailing courtesy even in the face of bodily pain, his knightly chivalry, and he found himself thinking that of such stuff must the Bayard have been made, "sans peur et sans reproche."

This reverie was interrupted by the entrance of Melanie, and her quick perception told her that all was not well with him who, nominally her protector, was really her charge. She had nursed him through illness, borne with his frenzied exaltations, watched his failing strength, and was sincere in her desire to bring ease and comfort to his declining years even at the sacrifice of his beloved swords, the enormity of which sacrifice, to his mind, she had not realized.

Perhaps some subtle thought of sympathy passed between Randolph and Melanie at this moment, for he placed himself in Mauffrais' stead and quickly reassured her as to her grandparent's condition. A great longing came over him, a longing to emulate his master, to put his protecting arm about this fragile slip of a woman and guard her, shield her from the care, the poverty, the ceaseless anxiety of her daily life, to cheer her and to bring to her face the smile that seemed so fitting there. For the time he forgot the social gulf that separated them. He was a knight of old, rambling through the forests in quest of adventure. The rumble from the streets had become the rushing of a brook, the rising of the smoke seemed to be the tree-tops waving in the wind, and the raucous cries from below were as the sound of the creatures of the wood. He, the knight, had found a maiden in distress, and it was his manifest duty to save her from the dragon of want and care.

Impelled by the holiest of motives, urged by the love which had long been lying in his heart, he spoke words to her to which it would be an intrusion to listen. And she, innocent soul, feared where she hoped; struggled where she yielded—but yielded.

. . . . . .

When the first ecstasy of the sweet confession was over there came the inevitable plans for the future. Here Randolph was suddenly brought back to the practicality of existence. The wood sounds again became the cries of the newsboys, the waving tree-tops were once more rising smoke, and the babbling of the brooks ran into the rumble of the carts on the pavements. He saw the haughty stare of his parents as they beheld Melanie. He saw at a glance his forfeiture of social position, perhaps of his parents' good will and consequent income. The knight had doffed his cuirass and helmet for a frock coat and a top hat, and, with no thought of eventual disloyalty to Melanie, he put off the evil hour of choosing which of two paths he should follow. He wanted to drift for a time on the gentle current of his new-found happiness.

But Melanie was not for drifting. Her surrender had been complete, and she was not content to let the future take care of itself. She wanted to look into it and perhaps give it a hint or two. But little by little the truth dawned upon her. She had been talked to of love but not of marriage, and to her simple soul that meant but one thing. Withdrawing herself from him, she

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looked into his face with eyes the floodgates of which were trembling. "You—you no ask me to be your wife? I—I—have given my love to you and—and you not ask me to marry?"

"Oh, you don't understand, little woman. You don't know how I am tied. For a time, for a time, Melanie, at least, I cannot do that, child. My people would never consent—

"'IF YOU WANT MY LIFE, TAKE IT. I AM UNARMED.'"

my income would be cut off. Oh, Melanie, you don't know how I love you, but I cannot offer you marriage—yet. Won't you come to me, dear?" And he held out his arms to her appealingly.

Into Melanie's face had come an expression of mingled grief, horror and wounded pride. For a moment only she looked at him thus, then the floodgates were burst wide, and she hurried from the room to hide this, her first great sorrow. Randolph would have followed her, but the door was shut in his face, and neither saw the figure of old Mauffrais looming darkly and ominously at the opposite side of the room. If he had heard there could be but one construction placed upon the words and the scene, but if he had indeed heard he gave no sign, lest the mighty tremor which shook him for a moment were such an indication.

Perhaps even the erectness of his bearing, the calmness and steadiness of his voice, in such sharp contrast to the manner of his exit, might attest the keenness of his hearing, or it may have been due to the medicine which had invigorated him, but that could hardly account for the excessive courtesy and studied politeness with which he now spoke; and at the sound of his voice Randolph turned quickly.

"Monsieur haf asked me to gif to heem ze instruction in ze code d'honneur. I feel strong enough to gif heem zat lesson—now."

Was there something ominous in the ring of the old man's tone? Randolph felt it—or maybe it was the pricking of his conscience, for he replied a little uneasily:

"But, monsieur, will it not be a little too fatiguing—in your condition?"

"Not for me, monsieur," said Mauffrais with some asperity. "I haf receive ze medicine—ze stimulation—and my arm is ver' strong."

"Oh, very well, then. I shall be most happy," was the reply, and Randolph picked up his mask.

"Ze mask vill not be necessary. Ha! In ze old days, to wear ze mask in ze salle d'armes vas ze insult to ze skill of ze adversary. Do not be afraid. I vill not touch you—in ze face."

"Oh, as you please. But you will wear one, of course. My skill is not so great."

"I vill try to protect myself." Mauffrais now came forward holding across his arm several duelling swords, the hilts of which he presented to Randolph. "Vill monsieur choose?" And Randolph took one at random. "So! A good blade! But zey are all good. Monsieur will pardon me eef I use my favorite blade?" A nod of assent was Randolph's answer as Mauffrais lovingly

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closed his hand over the pommel of the Ferrara and to it murmured in a low tone: "Mon Ferrara! For ze last time, old comrade, ve fight—togezzer!"

They have now taken their positions opposite each other upon the narow strip which is the duelling ground, Randolph at ease, careless and unconcerned, Mauffrais grim and erect. As to his skill, we have before seen the result of the vigor of youth over the skill of too great age. But now there is something so real about the situation, the unmasked faces and the naked points, that Randolph should learn it is no ordinary lesson that is about to be given.

"Ve haf dispense viz ze seconds," Mauffrais is saying, to give his adversary a thorough preparation. "Let us say zis ees ze duel a l'outrance—to ze death—ze seconds are not zen zo necessaire. Guardez vous tout le corps—ze entire body. Prudence, caution, la vitesse—quickness—quickness and judgment must be borne in ze mind. But before we keel each ozzaire, monsieur," and Mauffrais bows deeply while Randolph smiles, "ve make ze salute. It ees ze custom, ze tradition, to show all ze politeness to heem you vould keel. In zat moment of courtesy and grace you learn to control ze hand, to cool ze blood a leetle so zat ze tempaire be not too great, and ven face to face viz ze adversaire you show to heem all ze courtesy possible. Eef he zen keel you, let heem regret zat zere ees von gentleman ze less. Eef you keel heem, give to heem ze satisfaction of a polite introduction to ze ozairre vorld. Ve salute!"

They take their distance and Mauffrais raises his point high in the air, exclaiming: "A vous, l'honneur."

"Par obeisance," replies Randolph in proper form, and makes the courteous distance lunge. They salute right and left, they salute each other, they parry *carte* and *tierce*, and they reverse, the whole forming that wonderfully graceful condensation of the art of fencing which is known as *le grand salut*.

"Ha! Ver' good! Parfait!" cries Mauffrais as it is finished. "Now ve fight! On guard, monsieur. Play for ze hand, ze foot, ze knee, so—so—and so," suiting the action to the word, and then, as Randolph withdraws, "and eef ze adversaire withdraw or uncover, lunge for ze body, like zis," and, like lightning, the sword darts forward fiercely and misses its mark only by a quick retreat of Randolph. "Ah, your pardon, monsieur. I did not mean to fright you."

"But, Monsieur Mauffrais," exclaims Randolph, panting a little, "is this the usual way to give a lesson? With sharp points! You nearly touched me."

"Eet ees ze way of Mauffrais—ven he gif zis lesson! On guard, monsieur, and defend yourself as though you fight for your life. Touch me eef you can! See in me, eef you please, von you haf insult, and who haf gif to you ze challenge. Perhaps I defend ze honneur of von of my family against you, ze villain. I feint—so—for ze hand. You raise ze hand and attack—so—by ze stop thrust—good, I expect zat—I parry—so—and—houp la!—I lunge—a la bon parade!—I make you my compliments, monsieur, but I vill touch you yet. Aha, you no attack? Zat ees vell—zat ees prudent, for in ze attack you uncover—oho, you *do* lunge?—I parry so, la! And *riposte*—so—a la bonheur!"

The play is rapid and punctuated with Mauffrais' staccato utterances as he follows Randolph's blade with his own and with his words. Randolph realizes that he must defend himself from this surprising attack. Panting now he calls:

"Monsieur——"

"On guard! On guard!" is Mauffrais' only response.

"Monsieur, do—do you intend to touch me?"

"Defend yourself! Defend yourself!"

"Are you mad? Are you crazy? Your eyes are like fire!"

The answer is a cry of "allez" and a swift vicious lunge which Randolph barely parries. "Do not waste your breath in talk. Fight, monsieur, fight!"

"My God!" cries Randolph, realizing now his peril to the fullest, "Would you kill me?" and he answers his own question with a lunge for Mauffrais' sword-arm, meaning to disable him.

"Allez! Houp la!" cries Mauffrais, as with a sudden turn he catches Randolph's sword with his own and sends it spinning across the room. Instantly he presents his point at Randolph's breast and holds it there while he speaks more calmly, "Keel you! Ah, zat ees a brutal way to put eet. But vat vould you? See, monsieur," and he seems to grow in height, "you have dishonored my child. Because I am old, veak, you think you can play viz her heart and break

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"HIS HEART, TOO, REBELLED, AND HE CLUTCHED AT IT FIERCELY WITH HIS LEFT HAND."

it! Ah, and because she haf none to defend her! None? Ha, ha! None but Mauffrais and hees old Ferrara. Ve are of ze old school, monsieur; our family is one of pride and birth; its honneur haf nevaire before been sullied, and its first stain I vill vipe out in ze blood of heem who haf brought it. Oui, I vill keel you. Aha, you fight vell, monsieur; you are mon pupeel." And here the old man's voice breaks a little. "I haf lofe you as a son; I haf teach you my art; you haf learn much, but you haf not learn ze chivalry of ze sword. You are false to l'honneur, to your art, to ze tradition, to your mastaire. Therefore vill I keel you."

"Monsieur Mauffrais," says Randolph quietly, "you are mad. That I have much to answer for is true. It is too late to regret, and I will not plead. If you want my life, take it. I am unarmed."

The word has hardly left his lips before Mauffrais has dropped his point. "Ah, zere spoke ze true fencer. Gaston Mauffrais nevaire vill keel an unarmed man. Your sword, monsieur," and he presents it with his most courtly bow; "now, again on guard!"

Randolph threw himself quickly into position and awaited the attack, hoping that by some lucky chance he might either, in his turn, disarm Mauffrais whom he clearly thought crazed, or lightly wound him. But the attack did not come. As Mauffrais tried to fall into position the already overtaxed limbs refused to support him. His heart, too, rebelled, and he clutched at it fiercely with his left hand. Randolph lowered his point and started to his assistance, but Mauffrais waved him back imperiously, and again, but in a hoarse voice, cried "On guard! on guard, I say!"

In the effort, he almost pitched forward, and, turning his point, he rested it upon the floor for a moment, his weight being thrown upon the old blade for support. There was a sudden snap and Mauffrais staggered backward, holding but the stump of his beloved Ferrara in his hand.

A mist swam before his eyes. Randolph,

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as he watched, saw Gaston's face grow ashen, and he seemed to have aged a dozen years in that moment. Grief, horror and almost abject fear were pitifully expressed there.

"Mon Ferrara! Tu es cassé! Mon coeur se brise de doleur! Ah, vieux comrade, do you fail me in my age?"

His eyes closed and he would have fallen but for the supporting arm of Randolph placed about him, gently, tenderly assisting him to the divan, the old man's now almost nerveless hand still clinging, as by habit, to the broken sword.

"Melanie!" called Randolph.

In an instant she was in the room and kneeling by the side of the master.

"Grand-père! Grand-père!" she cried. "What is it? The Ferrara—broken! Oh, grand-père! He is dying, he is dying!"

"Oui, c'est la mort!" came hoarsely from the old man's lips.

"Monsieur Mauffrais! My master!" cried Randolph, leaning over him, as though he were already far upon his journey. "Listen. Can you hear me?"

"Oui—oui—I hear," he answered dully.

"I love Melanie!"

A galvanic shock seemed to pass through the limp figure. Mauffrais became rigid. His eyes opened and blazed. He struggled to rise from the loving hands that held him back. "Villain—ve fought——"

"Yes—yes—I know, but in that lesson I learned my heart. Say—say that you forgive—that you will give me Melanie to be my wife."

A smile slowly spread over the dying features. A sigh of contentment and peace escaped his lips. His form relaxed and sank back among the cushions. Then an expression of wonderful sweetness dispelled the ashen hue of his face as he slowly put out his hand to Randolph. "Mon fils!" he said slowly. Then his other hand sought Melanie's. "Ma pauvre souris!" and he brought their hands together. "Now—now can I leave you! I haf ze amende honorable!" Then his hand dropped by his side until he found the old Ferrara, which he raised tenderly to his lips. "Mon Ferrara! Mon Ferrara!" said he reverently. "You—you haf *not* fail me! Zis—zis ze greatest—triumph—of all!"

Then his eye fixed itself on vacancy a moment. The mist cleared from before it and it became bright again. Slowly he gathered his strength and rose alone, looking the while into that distant world to which the dying eye alone can pierce. Now the light of battle shone there and he stood erect. "A-ha! I see them!" he cried, stretching his long finger towards space. "Jean Louis, Cordelois—ah, Bertrand—Boessiere—Grizier—Lafougere—all—all ze fencing mastaire of all ze ages een von gr-rand parade. En garde, messieurs! Aha, mon Ferrara, ve vill meet zem! Ve vill keel zem all, but—so sweetly—zat zey vish—to die! Ve come—ve come—Mauffrais and hees old Ferrara!"

And the aged fencing-master, making a grand salute to Eternity, stood, unflinching and unconquered, before the Master of Masters.

"'MON FERRARA!' SAID HE REVERENTLY. 'YOU—YOU HAF NOT FAIL ME! ZIS—ZIS ZE GREATEST—TRIUMPH—OF ALL!'"

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FROM AN OLD PRINT. VICTOR HUGO'S DRAWING OF FRANKLIN'S HOUSE AT PASSY. FROM BERTONNIER'S ENGRAVING.

GREAT DAYS IN GREAT MEN'S LIVES.*

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, 1783.

By Alfred Henry Lewis.

IT is a soft, clear, warm November night, and Paris, with its lights, sparkles amid the blackness of it like a star. Louis XVI. is in his splendor. The lustrous Marie Antoinette is queen. Both a decade later are to lose their heads by that shearing machine of Doctor Guillotine, she for being his wife, he because he refuses her counsel. On this evening of 1783, however, in the mid-radiance of their reign and mayhap blinded by its very brilliancy, neither foresees the red ending already on its way.

We meet at the Hotel D'Orleans in the apartments of John Jay. Doctor Franklin, bewigged as becomes a savant of the eighteenth century, a bit jowlish as to face and gouty as to foot with his seventy-six years, is there. Also, we have John Adams, of the narrow view, and perky with ineffable conceit. These, with Jay, are of our Revolution's commissioners of peace to treat with England, and the three show contrasts deeply carved when one sets them side by side.

Franklin, sage, cautious, with a talent for talk and a genius for silence, against their wills and without their knowledge controls and guides the others. Jay, almost forty years younger than Franklin, has scant confidence of himself and goes about with that distrust of everybody and everything which belongs to him who, in a strange place, among a strange people, finds himself with a new part to play in a drama as new and strange as all the rest. Jay distrusts Franklin, distrusts Adams, distrusts the English and the French, and winds up the halting procession with a profound distrust of himself—in every instance the distrust of an anxious ignorance, fearful of doing wrong, being so eager to do right. Adams, fifteen years the senior of the careful Jay, shares none of his hesitation. He sees no ghosts, entertains no doubts; he is sublimely sure of himself as the greatest of a great age, and being envy-eaten and jealous withal, warmly hates Franklin for his fame at home and superior favor among the French.

There are others besides Franklin and Adams at the rooms of Jay. Oswald of the English commission: bland, frank, and of years equal to Franklin's. With him is the eminent Strachey, florid, broad, a type of British beef and beer. A half-dozen others are gathered among them: Whitefoord and Fitzherbert of the English, and Laurens of America, with young Temple Franklin, the grandson of the philosopher and who acts as the latter's secretary. In truth, the crude list offered makes a roster of folk present in Paris to arrange and sign those peace terms which the downfall of Cornwallis has forced upon the stubborn consideration of old, mad George III.

This convention at Jay's is, in part,

[* This series of articles presents pictures of decisive days in the lives of some of the greatest men in our history—days into which dramatic events were crowded.]

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informal and pretendedly social, to the end that the members of the two commissions, over their Madeira, wax better known to one another and the more freely feel each other out concerning terms.

"One thing," observes Adams, at one crisis of talk, to Oswald, who is head of the English, "one thing which you must concede is the right of Americans to fish the Newfoundland banks for cod."

"Substitute 'liberty to fish' for 'right to fish' and I see no mighty objection to including it in our treaty," says the diplomatic Oswald.

"Sir," responds Adams majestically, "it is a 'right' or it is nothing, and 'right,' not 'liberty,' it must be written."

Adams walks up and down after this and plainly feels like a Jove who has thrown a thunderbolt. His vanity, however, is such that it almost coaxes a laugh from lookers on; wherefore this marching loses in terrifying effect.

"Why does Adams assume such pompous airs?"

Jay asks this of Franklin in a whisper. His tone carries a touch of peevish irritation, since the half-smiles on the guarded faces of the English make Jay ashamed for his colleague.

"Why does Adams assume such pompous airs?" repeats Franklin. "Why, sir, for the same reason that a gobbler struts. Still there is good in the man, for all his swollen narrowness. Sir," and Franklin puts on the mien of one who has studied his subject, "sir, Adams may be summed up thus: He is always honest, often great, and sometimes mad."

Adams, it is but just to say, owns no high opinion of Franklin; before the evening is done, and apropos of some talk then going between Strachey and Franklin, he explains to Jay's ear:

"Franklin is too pliant, too submissive. Nor do I see in him the wisdom of which we hear so much. He has been cried up to the stars without doing anything to deserve it beyond his curious challenge to the lightning with kite and key, and of which no good has come and never will."

ENTRANCE TO LITTLE BRITAIN, LONDON, WHERE FRANKLIN LIVED, AS PRINTER'S 'PRENTICE, IN 1726.

From a water-color sketch, British Museum.

Jay, the distrustful, listens to both, believes neither, and knows as little at the end as at the start.

"I see no reason," remarks Oswald to Franklin later, in the course of a friendly conversation, "to doubt our getting together for this treaty. There can be but three subjects of difference, and since we will begin by granting you your independence you should deal easily on those points."

"Our independence," responds Franklin, "is already in our hands. It is no longer yours to grant. We have had it since 1776; we took it with that Declaration of July."

Adams says "Assuredly!" to this with much vigor, and breaks promptly into the discussion. Adams is a mental and a moral coxcomb, but no less the patriot for that.

"But that would be impossible," remonstrates Franklin, speaking finally to something proposed by Jay. "It yields too much, and is against our instructions from Congress. Do you tell me you would violate your instructions?"

"If it were needed to bring peace," exclaims Jay, with a kind of energy of apprehension, "I would do so as quickly as I smash this pipe."

With the word Jay sends the clay pipe he has been puffing into the fireplace with a crash. That pipe-smashing trick is one in which a half-century later the irascible Jackson will be prone to indulge himself.

Following the sacrifice of the pipe, Franklin, the fertile, says nothing, but considers within himself how he shall plow around the hesitation and timidity of Jay. Between Adams, with an aggressive courage equal to his conceit, and who demands too much, and Jay, the backward, hobbled of his doubts and fears, and who will be content with too little, Franklin has work on his hands to negotiate peace and with it the concession of every American right. He fears more things and worse from his misfit

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colleagues than from the English, and conquers them to his way only by humoring them along in the dark.

There is a veiled intimation by Oswald that English patience must not be pushed too far.

"I am willing for peace," he says, "even at the price described, but you, gentlemen, should not crowd me with any extravagance of demands. England can still go on with this war—go on with it with less of loss and effort than can America."

Adams snorts, Jay looks dubious, while Franklin dons a sly air of humor.

"Sir, you much mistake conditions in America." This from Franklin. "Consider a little—consider the question by the light of Bunker Hill. England, at the expense of three million sterling, in that fight killed one hundred and fifty Yankees—an expense of twenty thousand pounds a head. Also, she gained a half-mile of ground. During the time given by England to Bunker Hill, sixty thousand new Yankee children were born. That Bunker Hill proportion of deaths, expenses and births has found maintenance throughout these seven years of blood. Which side, by those figures, should last the longer? Man, for one whom you slay there come twenty to take his place! Believe me, it is England and not America who is dying by this strife."

Now the party, finding it grows late, take their several leaves of Jay and disperse to their various hotels.

Whitefoord, secretary of the English commissioners, and Laurens of the Americans, their roads lying in the same direction, go away together.

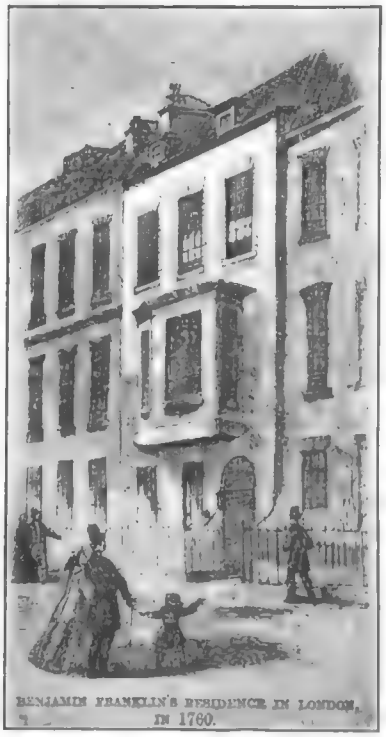
"I see much in your Doctor Franklin," says Whitefoord, "to interest me. Tell me of him if you will."

"Sir," replies Laurens, who has a reverence for the philosopher, "he is, when fairly described, the American Revolution in himself. More than any other he brought it about; more than any other he has sustained this war. England might have kept her colonies a century longer had it not been for Doctor Franklin."

"If you but knew our Tories at home," laughs Whitefoord, "their rapacity, their intolerance, and their capacity for dull mistake, you would never say so. However, it is of Franklin, personally, I would hear."

"Why, then," responds Laurens, "I need not tell you of his gray eye, his jokes, his laughter, his heavy features, and his still more heavy foot, since these you have beheld and heard. But from a little seeing and a little hearing you would learn no more than a most superficial knowledge of the man. Franklin is a genius—a round, full genius; not one of points or protuberances, who goes all in one direction and can be called a genius only in a special field.

"Franklin's story is briefly this: He is from Massachusetts, where he was born to no riches. He becomes a printer; then as a penniless youth he travels to Philadelphia. He works at setting types. With an itch to write, he tries the pen and is guilty of certain poor verses. Being of a bent for music, he sets his verses to notes, and then sings them with his mug companions in tones more powerful than sweet. This is when he is young. He falls in love—a puppy love; going to England, he forgets it, and the lady does the same. Cultivating a taste for athletics, he rows and swims in the Thames to a deal of British applause.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S RESIDENCE IN LONDON, IN 1760.

"Wearying of English beer, and river, and wages, and mayhap homesick, he returns to Philadelphia. Now he is more serious; he gives his thought to morals, science, philosophy, religion. He turns Deist for a day; also he refuses flesh-meats and subsists on vegetables. This latter mood does not last, and he goes back vigorously to brawn and pickled pork. Considering it worth experiment, he resolves to so live his life

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as to become a perfect man—perfect morally, mentally, physically. The appetites within him, pulling this way and that, compel him to abandon this vision of perfection, as well as a treatise on the 'Art of Virtue,' when of the latter he has accomplished a third.

"Franklin, after his return from London, grew rapidly in good repute and wealth; nothing could defeat his intelligent and indomitable industry. He took a front place in Philadelphia's affairs. Also, about this time, he invented a stove, and invoked the lightnings with his kite of silk. Then he invented the lightning-rod, and was shocked to the very threshold of death with one of those contrivances before he fully understood its merits.

"There are, then," continues Laurens, "few questions Franklin has not asked, few he has not sought to answer. He tried every door of Nature and opened many of them. Given an effect, he laid bare the cause as if by instinct; given a cause, he became a very prophet of effect. Quiet, unassuming, a man of no explosions, careless of pomp, incapable of personal fireworks, and never once thinking of fame, for one who has done so much, Franklin has harvested little advertisement. But your Washingtons, and Chathams, and Jeffersons, and Burkes, and Voltaires, and Buffons, and Lafayettes know him and hold him high. Yet is he distinctly a man of the future. His own age will hardly get his measurement; ten centuries away, when folk read of philosophy and law and science and government—the creation of new States, the discovery of new forces—first among such as Lycurgus, Archimedes, Solon, Socrates, and Plato, the eye of that hour will find the name of Franklin. As for the America of to-day, as I've told you, he is the Western Moses—the prophet and lawgiver of our Revolution.

"It was Franklin who first formulated a plan of union among the colonies; it was he, more than Hancock, or Adams, or Jefferson, who upbuilded our Declaration of Independence. After Bunker Hill, and while Washington was camping about Boston with an army of no origin and none to turn to as its sponsor, it was Franklin who came on from Congress in deference to a plan of his own, and adopted the army as the army of United America and the Continental Congress.

"You of England have some glint of what he has done in France. He gained for us a French King, a French fleet, a French army, and, not least, a French credit that was coined into gold when every ounce meant freedom. It was Franklin also who sent Lafayette to America and Paul Jones to England."

"But what of the little things of his life—the smaller details?" asks Whitefoord.

"They are small," returns Laurens, "only by comparison with those other weightier matters which he took in hand. And yet there came nothing of such village littleness, so that it meant good for man, to which he would not turn himself. He reformed our police; he instituted our fire department; and, like Alexander the Great, he founded

FRANKLIN.
From an old engraving of a portrait by Gauci.

FRANCIS FOLGER FRANKLIN.
Youngest son of Benjamin Franklin.

Deborah Reed, Franklin's wife, is said to have greatly influenced Franklin during the Revolution.

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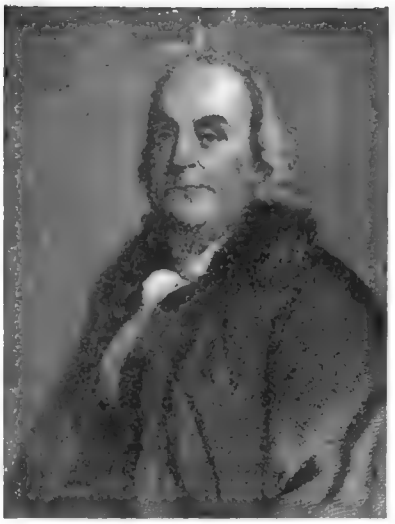
Houdon's bust of Franklin.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.
From an engraving of a portrait by Duplessis.

Franklin at twenty.
Painted in London.

a library. He was postmaster, too, and evolved our system of mail. The man who could feel patriotism like a Cromwell —who could think with Isaac Newton or write with Richard Steele; who had Swift's sarcasm, Gay's humor and Addison's style, would also carry your letters to your door. Politic, he could humor those peace-specialists, the Quakers, into voting to buy guns and powder; stubborn for justice, he was the first to fight the Penns—those degenerate sons of the good William who had discarded the religion while clinging like limpets to the estates of their sire—to make them bear equal tax burdens with the rest.

"Franklin," goes on Laurens, "has for long been our envoy whenever we had a mission to perform. He has been more than once to England. On one occasion he sent us that red-nosed corset-maker, Thomas Paine, who fed us fire with his 'Common Sense.' On another of his missions to England, when Franklin was most abused by that snarling creature of the King, the Scotchman Wedderburn, Horace Walpole made an epigram full of point and phophecy. Said Walpole:

> 'Sarcastic Sawney, swol'n with spite and prate,
> On silent Franklin poured his venal hate.
> The calm philosopher without reply
> Withdrew—and gave his country liberty.' "

"There is scant doubt of it," says Whitefoord, who, having reached his gate, now pauses at parting to make Laurens the compliments of the night. "There's scant or no doubt of it, this Franklin of yours is among the world's first men. There's much about his heavy figure and profound brow to make one remember that other doctor, Doctor Johnson."

"Permit me," observes Laurens, as he shakes Whitefoord's hand and gives him "Good-night" —"permit me: Doctor Franklin is a bigger, better, braver man than any Doctor Johnson, since the Tories never could have overturned his politics with a pension."

II.

FRANKLIN AT PASSY.

There are guests with Franklin in his house at Passy. The sundial on the lawn points virtuously to three—the Franklin hour for dinner. It is no slender circle—quite a score when all are counted—that assembles about the Franklin table solidly furnished of cheer.

Adams is on Franklin's right at table; over across, with Mrs. Adams, is Jay. Among the others are Laurens, young Franklin, the Abbé Raynal, and Madame de Genlis. The French and the Americans show evenly in representation.

The Abbé Raynal rails at the Philosopher because the latter objects to Greek and Latin as studies of the schools and calls them waste of time.

"I am indeed against Greek and Latin," consents Franklin. "I do not believe, sir, in adding the ignorance of the ancients to the ignorance one is born with."

A French exquisite, who is rolling his eyes at a fair American and urging her to wine which she refuses, pauses in his adoration to twine a compliment for Franklin.

"I saw you that day long gone," he says, with a high air of education, "when you embraced Voltaire. Believe me, sir, you and he commanded my emotions. 'Franklin

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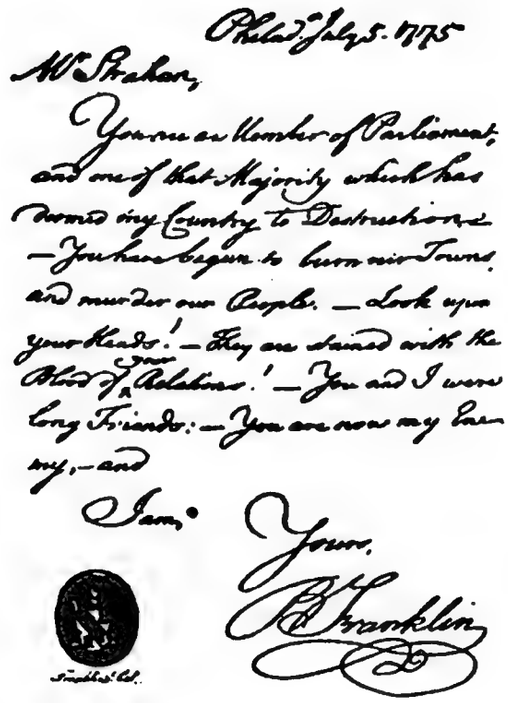
Phila. July 5. 1775

Mr Strahan,

You are a Member of Parliament, and one of that Majority which has doomed my Country to Destruction.—You have begun to burn our Towns, and murder our People.—Look upon your Hands! they are stained with the Blood of your Relations!—You and I were long Friends:—You are now my Enemy,—and

Adieu.

Yours,

B Franklin

From a contemporary French engraving of "Franklin, Citoyen des Etats Unis."

and Voltaire!' I cried, 'Solon and Sophocles!' My friends were compelled to lead me from the theatre."

Franklin smiles but makes no reply. Since it is his humor to know nothing of the ancients, he will not betray himself with Solon and Sophocles, and give the little book-ferret of an Abbé a chance to spring upon him.

Compliments to Franklin appear the fashion. A beautiful French girl leans across and lisps something of the peril to Franklin while about his experiments with the lightnings.

"I should suppose," said the beautiful one, employing her eyes against the year-stricken object of her admiration as none save a French woman can, "I should suppose you would fear the fate of Prometheus, that daring other one who stole fire from the gods."

"As to that," retorts Franklin, who has still his interest for a pretty face, "when I see eyes which have stolen infinitely more fire from heaven than ever I did, and those eyes pass unpunished, I shall certainly make my experiments unscarred."

With this clumsy pleasantry, the bulky Franklin looks into the sprightly eyes of the beautiful one, who, on her side, simpers, drops her head, and says something in French that in English would mean, "He's such a scandalous old dear!" As indeed he is.

There is heard a great cry in the outer hall.

"Where is my Franklin?" cries the voice. "Where is my good Franklin?"

Then a large, shapeless woman, over sixty she is, rushes into the room, and coming behind his seat at the table, throws her arms about Franklin's neck and kisses him with unction, once, twice, thrice, on each cheek and on the forehead.

Mrs. Adams glares aghast; she is the more disturbed because—for her horror—Franklin displays not the least confusion. Abbé Raynal and the French folk present, even the Promethean beauty, also take the invasion coolly and with much phlegm. Plainly they are not dismayed.

Franklin makes polite expedition, having first unlocked her arms from about his neck, to introduce the precipitate one to Mrs. Adams and the others, to whom she is unknown. It is Madame Helvetius, the rich widow of Passy, to whose strong influence and interference at the French court, and particularly with De Vergennes of the Department of State, America and Franklin owe vastly for their firm position in France.

Madame Helvetius, on being presented to the company, is "charmed to meet Madame Adams and Monsieur Adams and Monsieur Jay." So, at least, she says, and manages to give the names an indescribable French twist when she says it.

These polite formalities gone through, the volatile Madame Helvetius declares she will no more be separated from "her good

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Franklin," now she is with him, by so much as the fraction of an ell. With that she pulls a chair between that statesman and the kitchen-pokerish Adams; and while awaiting the advent of a plate and other table equipment, she rests a confident arm along the shoulders of these learned men, occasionally curling her hands in half fashion about their stately necks.

Mrs. Adams all but expires of chagrin at the awful exhibition; and as for the male Adams—that descendant of the Aldens, the Winthrops, the Bradfords and the Mathers

"Many of my French friends, like the Madame, are mighty lovers of liberty, and they look on me as embodying within myself the entire American Revolution."

"That is nonsense," says my Madame Helvetius, as, birdlike, she cocks her head to these utterances, requiting them at the close with a tap on the reverend Franklin's hand with the back of her knife. "You know well you love me. And you know, too, you would marry me. But, *mon Dieu!* that shall never be—no, never! Seventy-six and sixty make good friends whom a priest

Courtesy of The Century Co.

BENJAMIN WEST'S PENCIL SKETCH OF FRANKLIN.

In the possession of the Hon. Samuel W. Pennypacker.

sits bolt upright and rigid, holding his breath as one who, standing face to wall for execution, already feels the bullets in his back. The plate and its furniture of knife and fork and spoon appearing, Madame Helvetius releases her two prizes and employs her fair fingers upon the viands.

Franklin, by way of expounding the exuberance of Madame Helvetius, says: and a wedding would spoil." After which the vivacious Madame Helvetius puts a pullet's leg to her teeth with gusto and excellent effect.

"And do you expect me to be so ungallant as to contradict?" laughs the Philosopher.

The evening falls and the guests disperse. As Jay and Adams, with their parties, take leave, Franklin shakes them by the hand.

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THE UNITED STATES COMMISSION TO NEGOTIATE THE TREATY OF PEACE, 1783.

From a photograph given by Charles Sumner to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts of an unfinished picture by Benjamin West, owned by Lord Belper. Order of figures from the left: Jay, Adams, Franklin, Laurens, Temple Franklin.

"Remember, to-morrow, gentlemen," he remarks, "we meet at Oswald's rooms. With good fortune we shall conclude the treaty. But let us be slow and guarded. Above all, no zeal, gentlemen; let us have no zeal. To be slow at this pinch is to be sure, and to be sure is to be safe."

His guests gone, Franklin sits him down to rebuke his daughter in Philadelphia for her extravagance of dress. This he does by way of a letter, wielding his quill in these admonishings until far into the night. He closes his paternal chidings with:

"Your letter in its first parts was charming. But the paragraph about sending for linen to France dissolved the charm. And your sending for long black pins and lace and feathers disgusted me as much as if you had put salt into my strawberries. Your spinning, I can see, is laid aside. You seem not to know, my dear daughter, that of all the dear things in this world, idleness is the dearest, except mischief. If you will but wear your cambrick ruffles, as I do, and take care not to mend the holes, they will come with time to be lace; and as for feathers, you may have them by the handful from every cock's tail in America. I remain, my dear daughter, your loving father, B. FRANKLIN."

III.

THE PEACE OF PARIS IS SIGNED.

The peace commissioners are come together for the last time in Oswald's rather tarnished parlors in the Rue des Petits Augustins. The furnishings are of the commonest, and the whole shows but vilely to be the birth-room of a great nation. Franklin, who arrives before his fellows, wears an unusual suit of spotted Manchester velvet that shows stains of age and use. The others remark his queer dress, but are too well bred to comment audibly.

Straightway, now, when they are assembled, a plunge is made into the midst of the business, each willing and hard bent to bring it to a close. Strachey has but lately come from England, bearing further quires of instructions from the King's ministry.

A smart bicker breaks out about the fisheries; Oswald and Fitzherbert urge that inasmuch as English good nature is manifested in the matter of boundary, the Americans should show an equal kindness

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BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

From an engraving of the original pastel painted from life by J. A. Duplessis in 1783, and now in the possession of John Bigelow, Esq.

concerning codfish and the Newfoundland banks.

"You should," argues Oswald, again pushing for that choice of phrase preferred in Jay's apartments, "you should permit the words 'liberty to fish' instead of 'right to fish.' The one gives as much as the other. It is no more than a point of pride. Since you gain the substance, gentlemen, why refuse us English the shadow?"

"That is very well," cries Adams impetuously, springing to his feet. "In former treaties—that of Utrecht and of Paris—France and England have claimed the 'right' and used the word. When the Almighty made the banks of Newfoundland at three hundred leagues distance from America and six hundred from England, did he not give as good a 'right' to the former as to the latter? If occupation give a right, we have it as much as you. If war and blood and treasure give a right, ours is as good as yours. If, then, our right cannot be denied, why should it not be so written and put beyond dispute? Why leave room for illiterate fishermen to wrangle and chicane?"

Oswald is moved to admire the eloquence of Adams in a conversational way, and asks Franklin, who sits by him, if he ever makes speeches.

"Never," retorts Franklin. "I am neither a master nor an admirer of oratory. It is ever the same; ever a flood of rhetoric to a drop of sense. Still, what Adams has said is not to be confuted."

Fitzherbert replies to Adams, and admits argument to be in America's favor.

"But," says Fitzherbert, "I do not myself see how Oswald can agree to it. His instructions are as iron. For my own part, I have not the honor to be of that consequence in my country that you gentlemen of America are in yours." Franklin smiles, Adams glows, while Jay sniffs suspiciously. Fitzherbert, suave and oily, proceeds: "I have the accidental advantage of a little favor with the present minister, but I cannot depend upon the influence of any poor opinion of my own to reconcile a distasteful measure to my countrymen. We have to-day a liberal ministry in England. This circumstance may vanish in a moment—vanish while we discuss. I concede you have the justice, I admit you have the precedents, but you see our situation as well as I do, and I ask you,

THE NEW STATUE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

By John J. Boyle.

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is it not the better policy to suffer a trivial loss—that is no more than a loss in phrasing and not a loss in fact—than entertain a risk of sacrificing great and lasting good?"

Franklin coolly thinks not; it is a battle for principle. "The whole war was fought by us for principle," says he. And this heads off Jay who, being no fisherman, would yield the contention.

Consideration of what are to be the Tory rights in America following the peace is taken up. Oswald and the English stand firmly for it that the forfeited estates of Royalists shall be returned to them and their losses repaired. Jay points out that this is without and beyond the power of Congress.

"Gentlemen," observes Franklin, speaking from his chair and without rising to his feet or giving way to any flourish of oratory; "gentlemen, for myself I shall never accede, with or without the power, to any return of the Tory estates, nor a payment of money for what loss the Tories may have suffered. When I make this stand I am the one American here who may be supposed to suffer for it. My son, Sir William Franklin, once the Royal Governor of New Jersey, lost by confiscation an estate of thousands upon thousands of pounds. He was a Royalist by honest choice, and did what he might against America. He was prisoner, and held for months in a Connecticut jail. Now he is in England living hungrily on £400 a year. From riches he is given to poverty. This is his son"—pointing to Temple Franklin, his secretary. "And yet, while it would save both from want and make them wealthy, I shall refuse to come to such a treaty. More, if it be signed by my colleagues, I shall go back to America and fight against its acceptance before the Congress of my country. What, gentlemen!"—and the red of anger begins to show on Franklin's wide brow—"was it not the American Tories who roused the Indians on our frontier and gave thousands of women and children to the scalping-knife? Was it not through Tory efforts that Falmouth and Norfolk and Charleston were burned? If the Tories have lost their estates, have they not had their revenge? And now are they to have both? I say no; never while I live."

Oswald and his English, and for that matter, Jay and Adams, shrink from the sudden fire of Franklin, and are silent before the mighty bitterness of one commonly so equal and so calm. This stroke of Franklin finishes the matter. No more is said of Tory losses and estates to be restored.

Oswald and his English, with polite excuses, now withdraw to another room. Following a brief consultation they return and say the claims of the Americans on the three disputed points will be admitted; that is, the boundary, the fisheries, and the Tory confiscations.

And that is the end. And so the treaty is drawn; that weighty document which ends seven years of blood in favor of freedom, and makes of Paris a second Runnymede. Thus is the treaty written; thus is it signed; and the signing is the quietest and least dramatic feature of the whole.

"Gentlemen," says Franklin to Oswald and his English, as the commissioners, their labors of peace performed, are about to separate, "I observed you cast an eye upon this old, spotted velvet suit I wear. Let me tell you what I would have you tell to England. Once, years ago, when these differences we have just concluded lay still in the seed, I bore a petition to your English privy council. I was laughed and jeered at, if you will, as an outlander and a savage of no rights, by the grave Chief Justice and his associates. They put forward a Scotch cur, one Wedderburn, to mouth and worry me. I was helpless, with no friend save my conscience. On that, my day of heaviest burden, I was garbed in these spotted velvet clothes. I will not pretend I was unmoved, and in my hate and rancor of the moment I made a mental vow that this raiment, worn in the hour of my humiliation, I would yet wear in the hour of British humiliation and defeat. From that day to this I have laid these garments by; and now, please God, I keep my vow and put them on.

"And for you, my friends"—here Franklin turns to Jay and Adams—"let us ride for my house at Passy. America, with her place to-day made sure among the nations, asks our watch and ward no longer. We should relax; our task is done and we should have our holiday. You shall work your wills of my wine bins; and, if you be stout to abide it, I'll even sing you an old song made before you were born, in my drinking 'Junto' days:

"Then toss off your glasses
And scorn all dull asses,
Who, missing the kernel, still gnaw at the shell;
What's love, rule or riches?
Wise Solomon teaches
They're vanity, vanity, vanity still."

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WORK WITH THE HANDS.*

The Moral Value of Manual Training and Labor—A New Educational Epoch —An Autobiographical Example.

NUMBER FOUR

By Booker T. Washington.

Principal of Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Tuskegee, Alabama.
Author of "Up from Slavery," "Character Building" and "Future of the American Negro."

RIGHT here I want to say that my experience in connection with the building up of the Tuskegee Institute has year by year taught me the value of hand work in the building of character. I have so often found one concrete, definite example illustrating the difference between right and wrong to be worth more than hours of abstract lecturing on morality. I have frequently said to our girls that a dish is either washed and dried perfectly, or it is not. If a thing is not well done, it is poorly done. Furthermore, I have taught our girls from the beginning of this school that a girl who receives pay for properly attending to dishes and then leaves grease or dirt on a dish is guilty of two wrongs. She is guilty of falsehood, and guilty of receiving money for doing something which she has not done. This lesson, taught in the kitchen, with the imperfectly cared-for utensil in evidence as an illustration, has a power that it is hard to resist.

In the beginning our teaching of the students farming was very primitive and very crude, but month by month and year by year steady growth was to be noted. One difficulty to which I have not referred previously in these articles was that the land on which we began work was not the richest in the world. When my attention was called by the students and others to the poor quality of the land, I replied that poor soil was the best in which to begin the teaching of agriculture, because this would afford us an opportunity to learn how to make poor land rich.

Aside from the problems which we found on the school grounds, our methods and objects were not at first thoroughly understood or appreciated by all of the school officials throughout the country who were high up in authority, nor by other schools established in the South for the education of my race. I remember that at one time after I had spoken for an hour at a meeting of the State Teachers' Association in a certain State, trying to explain the meaning and advantage of industrial education or hand work, a teacher arose and asked the State Superintendent who was present a very simple question regarding the subject. The Superintendent replied that he would have to refer the question to me, as the subject was one that he had never heard discussed before. Not a few times students who were found to be on their way to the Tuskegee Institute were asked if they were going to an "ox-driving school," the question meaning to insinuate, I suppose, that the main thing taught at Tuskegee Institute was ox-driving. Our critics, however, did not know that at the time we were too poor to own even oxen, and that on our little farm we had nothing in the way of draught animals except one poor blind horse which a white friend in Tuskegee had given us.

During the first year the training in agriculture on the school farm consisted of about two hours' work daily for each of the young men students, the remaining portion of the time being spent in the classrooms. This time, during the first school session, was mostly spent in grubbing up stumps, felling trees, building fences, making ditches, and in plowing the ground preparatory to planting a little crop. We had few tools with which to do this work, so that the most of those which we used were borrowed. The reader will appreciate how hard it must have been under these circumstances to make the student feel that he was learning on the farm anything which he did not know before. As I think of it now, I am sure that the main thing that

*For preceding articles see Everybody's Magazine for September, November and December, 1902.

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we were able to teach the students in those early days was the fact that book education did not mean a divorce from work with the hands.

Gradually we were able to secure more land for farming purposes and to cultivate what we did have better. I mean by this that as the school grew we learned more about the proper fertilization of the soil, and how to use labor-saving machinery more freely. It was surprising to note how many of the students had an idea that farm labor must from its very nature be hard, and that it was not quite the proper thing to use too much labor-saving machinery.

At first, in fact, one of the things that some people urged against all Negro education was that it would spoil Negro "farm hands." For some years the Tuskegee Institute did not escape this charge. As our teaching of farming grew from month to month, I was not afraid to let it be known that I felt that one result of any proper system of hand training *was* to spoil, or get rid of, the ordinary "farm hand." If one will study the industrial development of the South he will be forced to the conclusion that one of the things that has most retarded its progress has been and is the "farm hand." This individual for too long a time has controlled the agriculture of the South. With few exceptions he is ignorant, unskilled, with little conscience. He seldom owns the land which he pretends or tries to cultivate. Too often he is a person who has no permanent abiding place, and if he has one it is apt to be a miserable one-room cabin. The "farm hand" can be hired for from forty to sixty cents a day. In fact, I have known of cases where such men were hired for twenty-five cents a day and their board; and they were very dear help even at that price. My impression of the ordinary "farm hand" of the South is such that, in many cases, I almost believe that he should be charged for the privilege of staying on a farm instead of being paid to do so.

I believe that most of the worn-out and wasted fields, the poor stock, the run-down fences, the lost and broken farm tools and machinery, as well as the poor crops, are chargeable to the "farm hands" that I have been warned so many times that I must be careful not to spoil. Such a man is too ignorant to know what is going on in the world in the way of progressive agriculture. He is without skill to such an extent that he knows almost nothing about setting up and operating labor-saving machinery. His conscience has not been trained, and hence he has little idea of giving an honest day's labor for a day's pay, and of doing unto others in matters of labor as he would have others do unto him.

It will be seen at a glance that such a worker in the soil as I have described cannot compete with the farmer in the Northwest who owns the land that he cultivates, who is intelligent and who uses the latest and most improved farm machinery. One such man, I think I am safe in saying, is worth as much to the general industrial interests of the country as are at least four "farm hands." No country can be very prosperous unless the people who cultivate the soil own it and live on it. I repeat, then, that one of my first thoughts in beginning agricultural training at the Tuskegee Institute was to help replace the "farm hand" of the South with something better.

As an illustration of the need of new ideas in farming, and of the effect which the long-continued cultivating of a single crop has upon one, I remember that some years ago I called an old Negro farmer into my office and explained to him in detail how he could make thirty dollars an acre on his land if he would plant a portion of it in sweet potatoes; whereas, if he planted cotton, as he had been doing for years, at best he could make only fifteen dollars per acre. As I explained the difference, step by step, he agreed with me at every point, and when I came near to the end of my argument I began to congratulate myself that I had converted at least one man from the one-crop system to better methods. Finally, with what I fear was the air of one who felt that he had won his case, I asked the farmer what he was going to cultivate on his land the coming year. The old fellow scratched his head and said, that as he was getting old and had been growing cotton all his life, he reckoned he would grow it to the end of his few remaining years, although he agreed with me that he could double the product of his land by planting sweet potatoes on it.

Soon after we had succeeded in clearing the trees and stumps from the few acres of ground, we planted a small crop. The main difference between our first crop and those which the students had come into contact with at their own homes was that ours was to some extent a diversified crop. Two things were in mind: to

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secure a crop and to teach the students the folly and unreasonableness of being ashamed to use their hands.

The increasing number of students made it necessary to increase the acreage of land cultivated. In the first few months of the Tuskegee Institute the students boarded in families. This made it difficult to get the greatest value out of our farm products. Partly to overcome this, we arranged to begin boarding the students upon the school grounds. Here another difficulty presented itself. It was found that a student would be of little value to the farm and would gain very little in knowledge and skill if he worked for only a few hours each day. We discovered that after there had been subtracted the minutes required for him to reach his work, get his tools, and otherwise prepare himself, there would be little time left for getting actual results out of the soil. In order to overcome this weakness in our system, we decided to follow in some measure the plan originated by General Armstrong at the Hampton Institute. This was to have the students study in the classrooms during four days of the week, and then work on the farm two days. The students, however, for a long while referred to these two days as "lost days."

It was often amusing, as well as interesting, to note the intense faith that these students had in books. The larger the book, and the bigger the words it contained, the more highly it was revered. At the time there were no text-books that dealt with any industrial subjects. For this reason any one who wanted to give instruction in such branches had, in a very large measure, to "blaze" his way through the forests. The absence of text-books on these subjects made it all the more difficult at first to combine industrial and academic teaching. But, as I have stated, we solved the problem partly by having the students work two days on the farm and study four days in the schoolroom.

We not only found it desirable to consider the element of teaching in our work, but the economic element also. We felt that it would be possible to teach the students the latest and best methods of performing all kinds of hand work, and at the same time teach them the dignity of such service—teach them how to lift labor out of the plane of mere toil and drudgery into an atmosphere where it would become beautiful and attractive. In addition to this we wanted the students to perform such work as they could about the school which otherwise we would have to hire people not connected with the institution to do. Since this was true, we felt that the fair thing to do would be to arrange some scheme by which the student would receive compensation for all the work of value which he did for the school. This we felt was not only just, but would emphasize another valuable element in teaching—the economic. The lack of this element I have always felt to be one of the weak points in manual training. To enable us to meet this condition we decided to have the students board on the school grounds, to charge them eight dollars per month for their board, and then to give them credit on their board bills for all the work which they did which proved to have intrinsic value.

Aside from the economic results of the work, we knew that the mere effort on the part of the student to help himself through school by labor would be valuable in character building. In all cases the pay for the work depended upon the individual efforts of the students. One of the main things which we kept in mind was to give the student a chance through an industry to help himself. In this connection I may remark that it seems to me that almost the whole question of the future of the Negro hinges upon the question as to what extent the race when given a chance will help itself.

We soon learned that in the practical application of our scheme the average student would work out from two to three dollars a month by laboring, as I have stated, two days in the week, leaving only five or six dollars to be paid in cash. Not a few individuals were so much in earnest that they would work out over half of the eight dollars. This opportunity proved a godsend to most of the students, as very few of them were able to pay the eight dollars a month in cash during nine months of the year. Aside from other considerations, we began to find out that we could quickly test the worth of a student by the degree of earnestness which he evinced in the direction of helping himself through labor with his hands. After a little many of the students began to take great pride in informing their parents at the end of each month how much they had helped themselves through their work on the farm.

As the school grew in size and experience, it became apparent that we ought to find a

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way to help the large number of young men and women who were constantly seeking admission, but who had no money with which to pay any portion of their expenses. Deciding to start a night school, we began with making a written contract with each student to the effect that he or she was to work during the whole of the day at some industry and to study in the classroom for two hours at night, after the day's work was completed. In order to put this plan upon a sound basis such a contract as follows was signed:*

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, Principal.
WARREN LOGAN, Treasurer.

TUSKEGEE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE.
(INCORPORATED.)

THIS AGREEMENT, made the *seventeenth* day of *October*, 1902, between *James C. Black* of the first part, and BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, PRINCIPAL of THE TUSKEGEE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE, of the second part.

WITNESSETH, that the said *James C. Black* has agreed, faithfully, carefully and truly to serve THE TUSKEGEE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE in whatever capacity the said BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, PRINCIPAL, etc., or those deputed by him may designate, from date hereof to the *seventeenth* day of *October*, 1904.

IN CONSIDERATION of service to be rendered by *James C. Black* the said BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, PRINCIPAL, etc., has agreed to allow said *James C. Black Eight* Dollars per month, provided *he* remains until *October* 17, 1904, otherwise he has agreed to pay *him* at the rate of one-fifth of that sum per month for the time *he* may have been in the service of THE TUSKEGEE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE, this latter amount to include all amounts which have been charged against said *James C. Black*.

IT IS AGREED FURTHER, that the amount earned shall be reserved in the hands of the said BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, PRINCIPAL, etc., the same to be used in paying the expenses of said *James C. Black* in the regular classes of THE TUSKEGEE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE. In case the said *James C. Black* leaves school voluntarily or is dismissed after the expiration of the time for which *he* agrees to serve *he* is to forfeit all that the school may owe *him* at that time.

IT IS FURTHER AGREED that no part of what said *James C. Black* may earn shall be transferred to another's account, but be kept for *James C. Black's* exclusive use after he shall have entered the Day School.

IT IS DISTINCTLY UNDERSTOOD that what said *James C. Black* may earn is for the purpose of paying board, and no part can be drawn in cash.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our hands and seals.

JAMES C. BLACK. [L. S.]
BOOKER T. WASHINGTON. [L. S.]

WITNESSES: { ABRAM T. BLOCKETT.
GEORGE F. MAY.

*Italics show where blank spaces have been filled in.

(To be Continued.)

A CREED.

BY SHARLOT M. HALL.

LET others frame their creeds, mine is to work;
To do my best, however far it fall
Below the keener craft of stronger hands:
To be myself, full-hearted, free, and true
To what my own soul sees, below, above;
To think my own thought straight out from the heart;
To feel and be, and never stop to ask:
"Do all men so? Is this the world's highway?"
To look unflinching in the face of life
As eagles look upon the noonday sun;
To cut my own path through primeval woods;
To lay my own course by the polar star
Across the trackless plains and mountains vast;
To seek, not follow, ever till the end.
And for the rest—bare-handed have I come
Into this world, I know not whence or why.
Bare-handed and alone and unafraid,
With heart of fire and eyes that question still,
Will I go forth into the wide Beyond,
As went the men who bore my blood of old
To Eblis or Valhalla, nothing loath.

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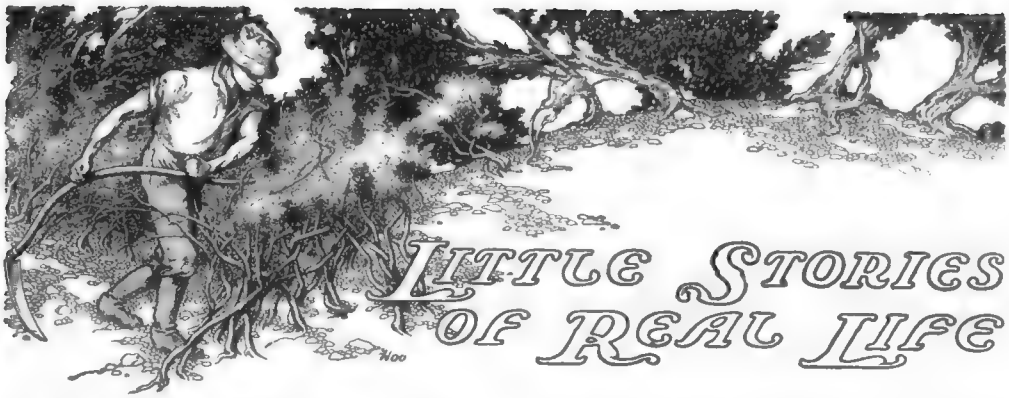

MISS JULIA; OLD MAID.

By G. W. Ogden.

MISS JULIA GUMP was drying up like an ungathered apple in the brief, fierce heat of the October sun. But the acerbity of her disposition, due to her unmated condition, was somewhat atoned for, and the angularity of her form somewhat relieved by, the slowly fading touch of girlish beauty that clung to her face like the kiss of Autumn on the sumac leaves. She was the best-looking old maid in Malta Bend. There were other old maids in the hamlet, but in the eyes of its inhabitants she was the champion. For three years past at the annual church fair she had won the prize. But Miss Julia never was a willing candidate, and the prize, invariably a plush-covered photograph album, always appeared to her as the concentrated rebuke of the community.

Julia had that afternoon attended a meeting of churchwomen at Mrs. Toler's at which the details of the coming fair were arranged. As Julia and Mrs. Sanders were leaving Mrs. Toler remarked:

"Well, Juley, I reckon you'll take the prize agin this year as you allus have."

"Maybe not," answered Julia, a resentful scarlet flood rising to her face. "Your Mary Jane's liable t' cut me outen it."

Mrs. Toler flared up like doughnut fat on a red-hot stove. "No sich thing," she declared vehemently; "Mary Jane won't be twenty-four till next Jennowary! 'Sides that, she's jist as good as 'ngaged to John Dagley."

Julia was trying to make up her mind that she would not attend the fair as she walked through the dust of the rock road homeward. Why should the attention of the whole neighborhood be directed to her in that uncomplimentary, humiliating manner year after year? And why was it that John Dagley was considered a fitting mate at forty for a woman of twenty-four, while she was classed among the undesirable at thirty-six? "Thirty-six was not so old, neither. John Dagley didn't never think she was a old maid till they begun a votin' them albiums to her at the fair. Then he quit a goin' with her an' commenced a spurrin' around Mary Jane like a silly old rooster."

The sun was below the hedge on the west side of the road, and a little breeze, so cool and fresh that one liked to breathe and breathe it and be glad that one was alive, came down from the north to soothe Miss Julia. It pressed against her face like a dear, restful hand, and caressed her downcast eyelids. At the foot of a grass-covered bank running along the roadside in the shade of the hedge, asters as blue as the autumn sky and as white as the dainty clouds that glistened in it like the eyes of stars grew with the goldenrod. Miss Julia sat down to rest.

John Dagley had been over to Buckner to see how things were going on his eighty acres of bottom land. The dust ground by wagon wheels from the soft limestone of the macadam road muffled his horse's feet. When Miss Julia heard the hoof-beats John was only twenty yards away. She arose, shook the wrinkles out of her skirt and stepped to the road to resume her journey. John reined up in front of her.

"Hello, Juley," he said.

"Howdy, John," she replied.

"Goin' home?" queried John.

"I reckon I am," Julia answered.

"Well," said John, "guess I'll walk along of you if you don't mind."

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"Oh, I don't mind," Julia assured him with a significant emphasis on the personal pronoun. John swung out of the saddle, hooked his arm through the bridle rein and walked beside her.

"Where you been, Juley?" he asked her.

"Over to Mis' Toler's fixin' up f'r the fair," she said.

"Oh, I see," said he. "When's it comin' off?"

"Two weeks next Friday."

"Oh, yes," said John, studiously; "I see-e."

They walked on a hundred yards in silence. Then John looked at her curiously.

"You're goin' to run agin this year, Juley?" he asked.

Julia studied the roadway at her feet. "Reckon they'll run me whuther I want 'em to or not," she said. "I been a old maid so long I reckon they jist figger on me bein' a old maid allus."

"I see," said John, pushing his hat back from his forehead; "oh, yes, I see." They were approaching Julia's home. Suddenly John stopped, caught Julia by the arm and turned her so she stood facing him,

"By crackey!" he said fervently; "le's fool 'em."

"How?" queried Julia.

"'Y, l'es me an' you git married," he said.

Julia looked shyly down, spearing at the toe of her shoe with the point of her parasol.

"Well, Juley, wha' d' y' say?" John asked, after an expressive silence of half a minute.

Julia raised her head and turned her blush-mantled face toward him. "Oh, John!" said she, in a tone that expressed admiration, approval and consent; "oh, John, you orto be redikalous!"

HIS FIRST FRIEND.

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

MICHAEL sat despondently on the doorstep, wishing himself an orphan. The hand of his mother was heavy, and neither justice nor mercy tempered its dealings. Within the front door it was now beating dust out of the parlor sofa with the same vigor which it had expended on him ten minutes earlier—for the small matter of a muddy boot-heel on a clean kitchen floor.

She'd learn him, she said. She had been learning him all his weary seven years, and still he knew surprisingly little: not much beyond the fact that a boy was a source of endless trouble about a house, and that motherhood as an institution was vastly overrated.

Into his dark hour came a timid patter of paws, then a cold, wet touch on his hand. He lifted his heavy eyes to see a thin brown puppy in a wriggling semicircle of ingratiation, his long tail lowered deprecatingly, yet switching with tremulous hope, his eager eyes running over with moist, smiling love of man even while his bowed legs betokened his reverent fear. Michael, strangely stirred, patted the head thrust toward him and felt the soft ears with kind fingers. Puppy, in a subdued agony of joy, wriggled up into his chest and offered a long wipe of a pink tongue. Caresses had not often come Michael's way. He gathered the stranger into his arms and the two lonely faces rubbed gratefully together.

Then his fondling hands discovered the pathetic prominence of his new friend's ribs. He offered a corner of cracker from his pocket and it was swallowed with an eagerness that almost included his fingers. The ears cocked anxiously, furrowing the soft forehead with frowns, as he searched his pockets in vain for a further offering; yet the new love was not mercenary. When no food was forthcoming, the puppy returned to affection, and gave a tender "M-m! M-m!" in return for rubbings and cheerful whispers. The sudden opening of the door behind them gave the two a momentary resemblance—an air of guilty shrinking.

"Well, where in the name of kingdom come did you get that?" demanded Michael's mother. "My land, don't you know better than to pick up stray dogs? We'll have a time getting rid of him. You needn't think I'm going to have a pup around, digging up the yard and spoiling everything in the house. Send him off now, quick as you can. Shoo—get out!"

A wave of the broom emphasized her meaning. The puppy shrank back and tumbled down the steps, where he stood crouching, hurt, yet still faintly hopeful, as the door slammed. Sudden tears rose in Michael's eyes. He held out entreating arms and the puppy crept eagerly back into them. Michael hid his burden under his jacket and slipped by devious ways to a pile of boards in a vacant lot next door. Here in an angle was a tiny shelter just big

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enough for a boy and a dog. Soft straw, a sack and a can of water turned it into a home, and a large half of Michael's supper went stealthily into a newspaper when his mother was not looking.

The clandestine affair went on unmarred for two perfect weeks. Michael grew a trifle thinner, but Timmy began to fill up his sagging skin with gratifying speed. He learned to submit to a bale rope, too, when they came home from their happy excursions together. Michael put it on with tears of apology; but the fear of his mother haunted his days.

Then one morning, coming down to breakfast, Michael felt his heart sink in sick terror; for in the back yard, eagerly watching the kitchen door, sat Timmy, a trail of bale rope behind him, his air cheerful and self-gratulatory. Michael would have enticed him softly away, but at that moment his mother glanced out.

"If there ain't that wretched pup again!"

She seized a dipperful of water and, opening the door, flung it full into Timmy's trusting face. His dismayed retreat was followed up with a lump of coal and some emphatic orders; then she turned back in triumph, to be met by a scarlet face and clenched fists. For once Michael was lifted above his fear.

"You're a mean, cruel old woman!" he sobbed fiercely.

His mother's mouth tightened.

"Oh, I am, am I?" she said, with a grasp on his arm that cooled him like ice-water. "I'll learn you to call me names!" And so she did. But he had Timmy to go to for comfort now.

That was on Saturday. Monday morning after breakfast Michael was sent out to do various errands. It was two long hours before he came scurrying back. As he ran in with his bundles, a large hole in the centre of his mother's parsley bed sent his heart into his throat. It was fresh and deep and the earth had been scattered gaily in every direction. About it were telltale marks of paws, but Timmy himself was nowhere in sight. Michael crept guiltily into the house, his knees shaking under him. The door of the parlor was open and a sound drew him in. There was Timmy, bright-eyed and ropeless, tugging briskly at the red chenille fringe of the sofa. Long trails of it already strewed the floor, and the puppy was worrying and growling at the last breadth with whole-hearted abandon.. At that moment the step of Michael's mother sounded in the hall without.

. . . . . .

The police sergeant looked down over his desk in wonder.

"Well, what is it, sonny?" he asked. The boy stood silent, tears dripping slowly down his cheeks. "What's up?" repeated the sergeant.

The boy unfastened the top button of his jacket. A brown head wriggled out and a long puppy tongue made eager passes at his chin.

"Mother says—you're to—shoot Timmy," he stammered between choking breaths. Closing his eyes, he held up the little dog to the desk. The officer looked puzzled and a waiting policeman sauntered over to see what was happening.

"Why, what's wrong with the pup?" they asked, with friendly pulls at Timmy's ears. The little dog beamed at them, then climbed up into Michael's neck.

"He—tears things. She don't—want—him—around," sobbed Michael. Then, putting the dog from him, he turned and ran blindly out of the room.

"Not a bad looking pup," said the policeman. "I'll take him home, if you like."

"All right," said the sergeant.

And so the boy, crouching against the wall outside, heard no shot, though he waited hour after hour, with his hands clenched against his ears. When he came home, long past the dinner hour, his mother was waiting for him in simmering wrath. She'd learn him to be gone all day! Then her eyes happened to fall on his face; and for once she said nothing.

THE DAY OF ATONEMENT.

By Katharine Holland Brown.

GRAY twilight shrouded the golden October sunset; the wind rose suddenly chill. Agnes Burt, returning from an endless round of duty calls, scarcely felt its discomfort: it was a dim cipher in her sum of desolation. She crept shivering up the steps and into her husband's den. A low fire crackled on the hearth; the room was warm, silent, empty. She untied the florist's box which she carried and took out a cluster of pale lilies, heavily sweet. These she thrust into a vase which stood beneath a

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portrait hanging near the fireplace. She did not look up at the pictured face. It is a bitter thing to be jealous of the dead.

She lay down on the couch behind the tall screen and locked her hands over her eyes. Her baby's cry came faintly from the room above; she did not hear. In her misery she was deaf even to that beloved voice.

It was four years ago to-day since Robert Stone had died; Robert Stone, who had been to her husband from their boyhood days as his heart's blood. Between the two men there linked a bond so firm that John Burt's marriage did not shake it; Robert Stone's death could not break it. This was Robert's day of remembrance.

The woman who loves to the uttermost demands the last thought, the ultimate heart-beat, in return. Before her there can be no other god. Agnes Burt, sensitive, reticent, adoring, suffered every anguish that the soul of woman can know in a cause pitifully slender, hideously real: the certainty that her love could not suffice to fill her husband's life. The wife's dearest right is the right to console for that which is lost; to recompense, to satisfy. And in this she failed and must forever fail. Robert's death was a loss irreparable, a wound she could not heal. Her husband's face, drawn and dark with grief, as she had seen it that morning, rose before her eyes. His loving words of farewell brought only an added sting. Even in his sorrow for Robert he had bethought himself—of her.

Two men came in and sat by the fire. Agnes did not stir. It was only Jimmy Howland, a favorite pupil of Professor Burt. He was forever running in for advice as to authorities on Primitive Agrarian Law, the topic of his major thesis. She need not go.

Jimmy's glance roved about the room. "Jolliest little library in town, this is," he remarked. What's that white thing under Stone's portrait? Why-ee! Lilies!"

"Agnes must have put them there," said Burt, under his breath. "He died to-day, you know, four years since."

There was a silence.

"He was the friend of my life," said Burt, steadily. "He gave me everything that life holds worth the living."

So he would share this sacred grief, never spoken to her, with this blundering child! Her fingers tightened, trembling; her eyes shone hot and dry.

"Everybody liked him, seems to me," said Jimmy, meditatively. "How we kids did trail after him whenever he came home from a cruise!"

"He was only twenty-nine when he died," said Burt slowly. "You know how it happened: a volunteer nurse in that fever camp. He gave up his life there; but he had yielded the supreme gift to me the year before."

Agnes sat up; her lips moved in a soundless cry.

"Perhaps you know that it was through him that I met her—my wife. You've heard, too, that he cared for her; every one else seems to have seen it, though I did not at the time. Neither did she, and she does not know it now. When he found that it made all the difference in the world to me, he went away. I've tried to believe that the renunciation did not hurt him as it would have hurt me. I can't.

"Then we were married. It made me selfish, I daresay, and the change vexed him. He couldn't understand. A man's friends may be dear to him; but his wife—— Oh, well, you can't understand, either. It's a new heaven and a new earth.

"I tried to keep things on the old footing, but I could not make a convincing pretense. The old order had passed away. Then he died. I miss him; I'll always miss him. Yet I feel guilty to think how little difference it all makes; how happy and absorbed I am, how unnecessary his life is to me. The day of his death has come to be a day of atonement for the cruelty of my forgetfulness—for the ingratitude of my content."

The last words, barely audible, seemed spoken less to the boy than to the pictured face above.

"Guess I'd better be going," said Jimmy, rising awkwardly, embarrassed by the strange confidence. Burt picked up his hat.

"I'll go down as far as the bookstore," he said, his voice suddenly brisk and clear. The door closed behind them.

Agnes rose; she crossed the room to the portrait. She stooped and lifted the lilies, rearranging them with tender touches, infinitely motherly. Then she knelt by her husband's chair, her cheek pressed to the arm where his hand had lain. The room was silent, save for the click of a falling ember, the murmuring baby voice from the room above. To her swift-leaping heart, her tear-filled eyes, it was indeed a very chamber of peace.

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VIEW OF SARAWAK FROM THE GARDENS OF SIR RAJAH BROOKE.

A VIKING OF THE EAST.

By H. S. Canfield.

Illustrated by Ralph Lester and from Photographs.

JUNGLE to right and left, jungle to the rear; in front an open space swept by a stockade, manned by Burmese Dacoits drunk with bang and not fearing the devil. So the English captain got afraid and ran away. His men, not knowing what else to do, laid down patiently to be shot at. A stripling of a cavalry officer, who had been doing courier work, came to them and said:

"What's this? Get up, you various unprintable things! Come on!"

Five yards from the stockade he pitched upon his face, shot through the lung with a five-cornered slug, but those behind him went on. Afterward one of them turned the body over with his foot and said:

"It was him as did it; mebbe he's got life in him."

They dragged him inside and poured rum and water down him, and when they heard him gasp, sent for the surgeon who was busy elsewhere, red to the elbows. He was taken down the Brahmapootra in a rowboat, drifting between its vivid banks, thinking of nothing. In later times he would say that it seemed to him like a dream. That was James Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak, who built himself a kingdom in the farther East and held it.

Luckily for this man, he was born without a sense of physical fear. It was his instinct to lead. Long after the Burmah war was history he visited Penang in the Malay Archipelago. The captain of the warship *Wanderer* announced an intention to smash some pirates in the bamboo town of Murdoo. Of course, Brooke would see the fun. He led the rush up the steep bank of the sea, getting a slash on the forehead and a bullet through the arm. When he left them the jackies swarmed into the yards and cheered him.

Like some others who have been successful, he began wrong. The son of a father of substance, he got a cadetship in the Madras infantry. It was not suited to him, for

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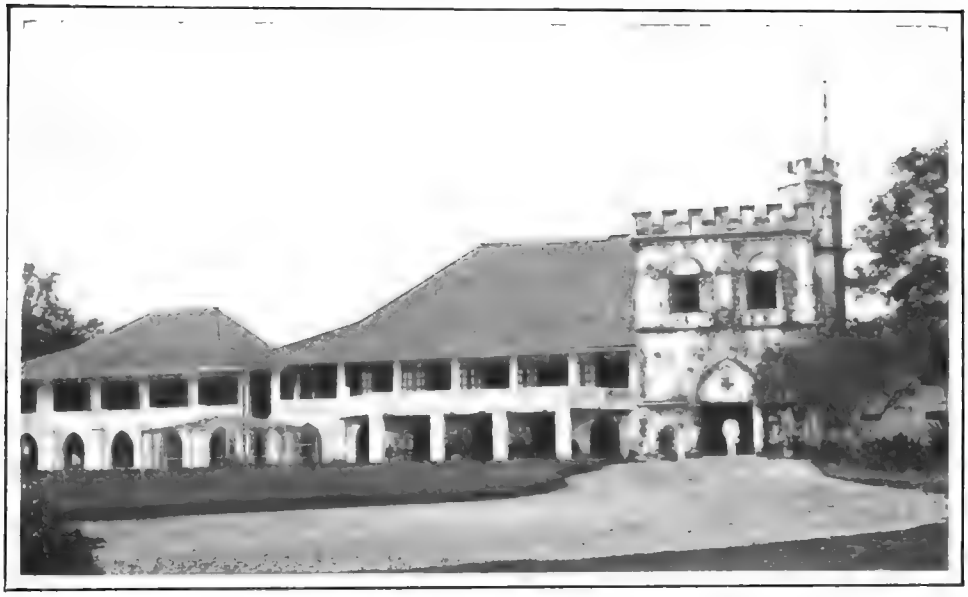
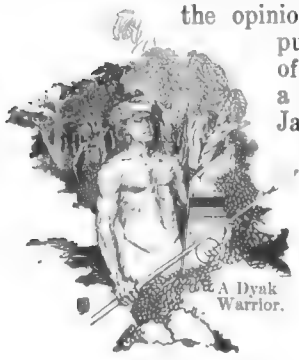


SIR RAJAH BROOKE'S RESIDENCE AT SARAWAK, BORNEO.

Nature had patterned him to command and he was best fitted for individual enterprise. When invalided home he learned something more of the East. He made one trading voyage out there and lost money. Then his father died and left him £30,000; then he was ready to incarnate the vision that had come to him. He bought the yacht *Royalist* and fitted her with muskets, cutlasses and brass cannon; he assembled a picked crew of pig-tailed sailors, with fingers like fish hooks and fifteen-inch biceps; he gave them a preparatory cruise of a year in the Mediterranean; then he wrote to the *Athenæum*: "I am minded to advance the commercial prosperity of England and to better the condition of the native races by acquiring territorial possession in the archipelago. I have carefully weighed all difficulties and am clearly of the opinion that for this purpose a schooner of 142 tons, with a good crew and James Brooke for commander, is amply sufficient." No one said him nay and he set sail. This was in 1838. It is interesting now to look back and see that if he had been backed properly by his country, when he did the work he said he would do, England would be paramount in the archipelagic East, the Dutch sphere of influence would be much smaller than it is, and our troops would not be in the Philippines.



A Dyak Warrior.

There lived in Sarawak on the northwest coast of Borneo a governor named Muda Hassim. He was uncle of the Sultan, heir prospective to the throne, had a dozen younger brothers with him, had been sent to Sarawak to suppress a local rebellion of Malay chiefs, and was as near to being a good man as folks of that race ever got to be in those days. He had saved some shipwrecked English sailors, and Brooke called on him to convey the thanks of the citizens of Singapore.

There his real life-work began. When he entered the mouth of the Sarawak River he saw shining beaches; back of them were casuarina trees, then wooded hills, then Santobong peak, large and blue. Wild hogs rooted among the trees, gray pigeons flitted through the branches, paddy-fields were along the river and cottages built on piles, palm-shaded. In them lived a lazy, laughing, murderous people.

Muda was glad to see him and suggested that an Englishman with sailors and brass guns ought to prove mighty against rebels in wooden forts. Brooke, keeping his own

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SARAWAK DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

counsel, agreed with him and went up the river. He found the Sultan's forces commanded by a wily savage named Makota, who wanted to be Rajah but was afraid to fight. With his usual impetuosity, Brooke pitched in. Fighting side by side with Budrudin, one of the younger brothers, and a braver heart was never within a Malay skin, he slew the rebels in hundreds. They were cleft with creeses, burned in their forts or driven into the river. Up to their waists in morass, staggering painfully through reeds and rattans, weakened by tropic heats, half-devoured by insects, he and Budrudin made clean work of it. The rebels surrendered utterly, and he took some of their wives and daughters as hostages. Muda was effusively grateful; he told Brooke that he should be Rajah of Sarawak.

This did not suit Makota; probably it did not suit Muda Hassim himself. Followed a long season of excuses and delay. Having been promised the territory and believing that he had saved it to the Sultan, Brooke hung on with British tenacity for months. He had agreed with himself to "advance the commercial prosperity of England and to better the condition of the native races by acquiring territorial possession in the archipelago," and saw no better opportunity. It is certain that there were no native races whose conditions more needed bettering. The *Royalist* lay in the river and got barnacles on her bottom; her sailors stood watches armed to the teeth; her brass guns swung easily on their pivots. Makota was active. He tried to poison Brooke's interpreter; he tried to poison Brooke. That which followed is thus stated in euphemism: "By a judicious display of force, quite justified under the circumstances, he (Brooke) freed Muda Hassim from the baneful influence of Makota. Muda Hassim, in a formal document, handed over the government of the district of Sarawak to Brooke."

What Brooke did was to march armed sailors to the palace, seize Makota and surround Muda Hassim. What he said was that all promises must be redeemed on the spot. Makota was banished; Muda smiled painfully; Brooke reigned.

A young Sea-Dyak woman

Nineteen-twentieths of his subjects did not know that he was king; one-quarter of them harried the other three-quarters; they were of differing languages,

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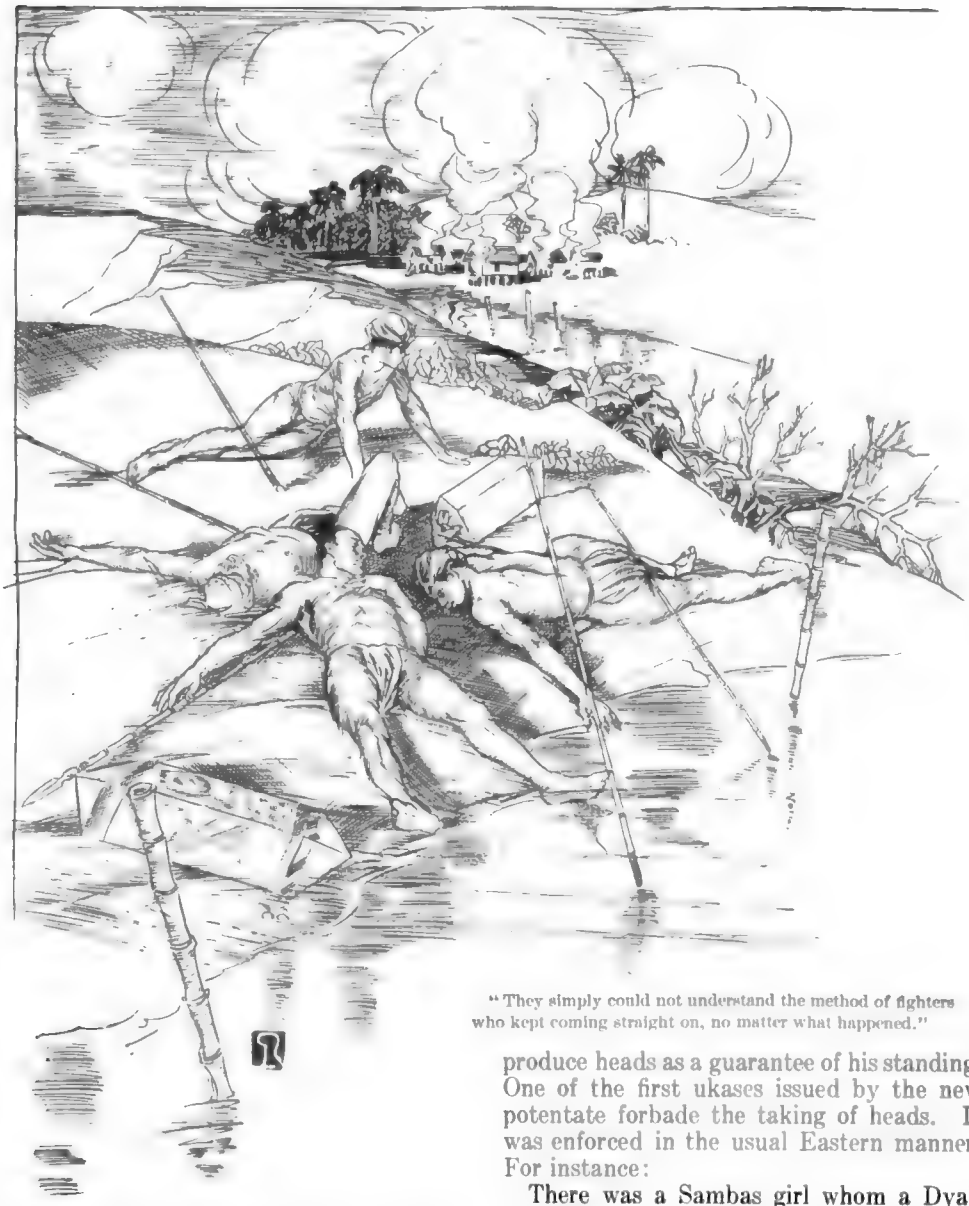

"They simply could not understand the method of fighters who kept coming straight on, no matter what happened."

customs and religions; there was an inadequate system of taxation, and no decent roads except the rivers. Brooke organized, developed and enriched this land unaided save by an occasional visit from an English frigate.

There are Sea-Dyaks and Land-Dyaks in Borneo. The former were fishermen and pirates; the latter were farmers and robbers; but they all hunted human heads, which were smoke-dried and hung up in their huts. A young man who wished to marry had to produce heads as a guarantee of his standing. One of the first ukases issued by the new potentate forbade the taking of heads. It was enforced in the usual Eastern manner. For instance:

There was a Sambas girl whom a Dyak wished to buy. He was captured when he had taken only one head, which he carried under his arm. He was taken to the Rajah, who asked him:

"Why do you hunt heads?"

"For a woman."

"Do you know that is against the law?"

"Yes."

"Are you sorry?"

"No."

"If released would you hunt more heads?"

"Yes."

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Whereupon the Dyak population was reduced. The head-hunter showed little interest in the proceedings. He bared his neck cheerfully, knelt down, folded his hands, closed his eyes, and so passed swiftly to the happy grounds.

There came to Sarawak "Bonny Keppel," commander of the *Dido*. He was a man after Brooke's heart. British naval officers had more liberty in those days; there were no cablegrams to check them when they touched at a port. Together these two hunted the pirates. All of the archipelago was infested by freebooters. The life of Sarawak depended upon their extinction. They voyaged for hundreds of miles along promising coasts. They lay along the straits of Malacca, Sunda, Carinata, Caspar and other passages; they were rife in the Celebes, Sulu and China seas; from far above the equator to far below they were masters of the waters; the boldest of them came from the Island of Mindanao; they swarmed in the Seribas, Sakarang and Batang-Lupar rivers of Borneo within Sarawak territory.

The pirates' manner of fighting was peculiar: They entrenched themselves near the mouth of the rivers and put heavy booms across the stream. Then they laughed at the Englishmen. Other Eastern peoples have also laughed—before.

With only eighty white seamen and five hundred natives Brooke and Keppel dashed against the Seribas buccaneers. The Rajah was in the first boat, the men at the racing stroke. Three lengths to the right and a half-length behind Keppel was coming hard. Brooke was erect in his shirt sleeves and in his powerful hands he held an axe. As he reached the first boom and swung the steel high a bullet struck it and spattered. He lowered it, looked at it curiously, then said to the man behind him: "They're shooting straight!" But the man behind him was on the bottom of the boat with a ball through his head, stone dead. Keppel's bowman got in the first stroke, but the boom parted almost simultaneously at each of its cut ends. Under a murderous fire they dashed at the second boom. As a man at the oars rolled forward or backward with hand pressed to a side wound, or holding a broken arm, another man promptly took his place. In that spurt up the Seribas more than half of the rowers were hit, but there was never an instant's delay. When the second boom was hacked in two the way was clear. Brooke was the first man to leap to shore. As before the almost forgotten stockade in Burmah, he went straight at the fort-walls, the sailors pressing him and the natives pressing the sailors. A quarter of an hour later no enemy was left. Once the attackers were inside of the forts the pirates threw down their weapons and were butchered standing, or they rushed to the river and were drowned, or they scaled the rear wall and disappeared into the woods. They simply could not understand the method of fighters who kept coming straight on, no matter what happened. More than three thousand pirates were beaten in this battle and nearly a thousand of them were slain. It has been estimated that in holding Sarawak James Brooke sent more than twenty thousand men to their last account. But what would you? Blood crushed from yellow bodies may smear the wheels of the car of progress, but they are not to stop it.

The Sakarang pirates fell next. More than a hundred towns and forts were burned on this raid. The results of the fights were unvarying. The Malays and Dyaks stayed in their enclosures until many of them were cut down; then they fled. They were shown as little mercy as they had shown to crews of captured vessels. The record of their destruction is a record of steady slaughter. Brooke's pistols needed cleaning badly and his sword lost its sheen. He stormed along the banks of the Seribas and Sakarang; he stormed up the great Rejang; in the mighty Batang-Lupar district his name is still one to conjure with. Assisted first by Keppel and then by Farquhar, he swept those seas

Malay pirate houses.

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clean. His own life was recklessly imperilled. He could not ask English sailors to do his fighting for him; it was necessary that his subjects should see him in front. He was often wounded but never seriously, and he cared nothing for labor or pain. He was first over the works, first to redden his cutlass, and the wild men came to know him as a white devil. Yet he had kindness in him.

Two days after he and Keppel slew the Maludu Bay pirates, and it was a bloody day, he found a native woman floating in a boat. She had been wounded, and a yearling child was at her breast. She said to him dully:

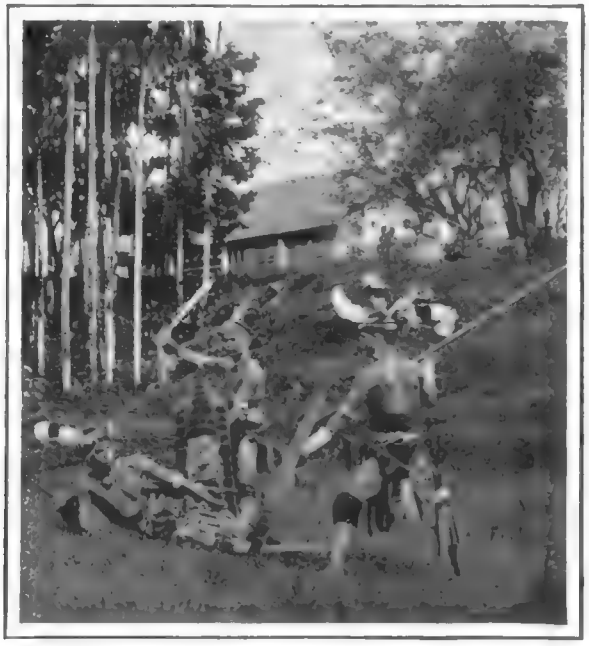
"If you please to take me, I shall go. I am a woman, not a man; I am a slave, not a free woman; do as you please."

He removed her along many miles of coastline and placed her happily in life. In Marudu Bay the party found many bundles of Surat silks, scarlet cloth, bales of stamped velvet and leather, but most of the goods were confectionery, cakes, preserved ginger, jam, sugared dates and syrups. They had sweet teeth, those moustached rovers who crept out snakelike in long proas and butchered the crews of merchant vessels. The good that Brooke did in putting them to fire and sword was felt by the commerce of every nation in the world, for they levied tribute upon all nations.

This great Englishman lived a life fraught with peril of which he seemed to be unconscious. One day in his house in the capital he sat down to meat. Suddenly Lingire, a noted Malay pirate, walked into the dining-hall with a troop of armed warriors at his heels. There was not the thickness of tissue paper between Brooke and death, and he knew it. Courteously he waved the chief to a chair; the others squatted on the floor. Brooke called to a servant and said in English:

"Bring a bottle of sherry! Let my chiefs know who is here!"

Lingire talked awhile of his prowess and the cowardice of the Dutch. Time passed and the squatting scoundrels looked at one another. The lives of the Rajah and of his unarmed English companions were to be numbered in seconds. There was a heavy tramp on the veranda and the Malay soldiers of the capital thronged into the room with drawn weapons. The pirates did not speak, but the newcomers did talking enough. They cursed them body, bones and hair; they pressed the points of keen



DYAK WARRIORS FROM SARAWAK.

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weapons against their throats. Then Brooke showed knowledge of the native character. He knew that the pirate was terrorized. At a sign from him the ranks opened and Lingire and his men went out unscathed. He became the Rajah's friend, used to visit him, sit with him in chairs on the veranda and talk about the Dutch, but he never admitted that he had vowed to have the Englishman's head and hang it in a basket to a tree.

In the earlier years of his reign the man escaped in battle, personal combat, attempted assassinations and doses of poison. The assassins and poisoners were executed and he went on unharmed. Some of his friends were not so fortunate. This was the end of Muda Hassim, heir to the throne, and Budrudin, the brave young brother who, shoulder to shoulder with Brooke, fought in the swamps of the Sarawak against the rebels when the adventurer was earning a kingdom.

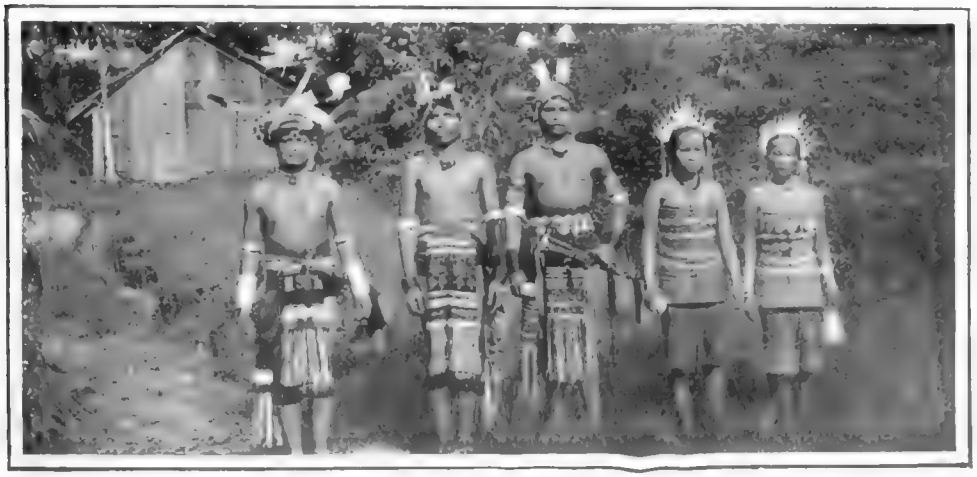
Muda Hassim, with his family, went back to the Sultan's capital and resumed his prime ministership. Evil reports of his ambition got about, and the Sultan, then dying from cancer of the lip, a man "with the head of an idiot and the heart of a pirate," listened to them. Muda, his wives and his people, were slain in their homes. In a letter to Keppel, Brooke describes how Budrudin went over to the majority:

"After fighting desperately and cutting down several of the Sultan' hired assassins, he was shot in the left wrist and his shoulder and chest were cut open so as to disable his right arm. A woman, by name Nur Salum, fought and was wounded by his side. His sister and a slave boy called Jaffir, though both wounded, remained by him, the rest of his few followers having been cut down, or having fled. The four retired into the house and barred the door. Budrudin, wounded and bleeding, ordered the boy to get down a cask of powder, break in the head and scatter it in a circle. He then told Jaffir to escape, gave him my signet ring, of which I had made him a present, and told him to tell me not to forget him and to tell the Queen of England of his fate. He then called the women to him and, when the boy had dropped through the flooring into the water, fired the powder and all three were blown into the air."

Woers' signs of worthiness.

No man of the Western races could have more fittingly closed a warring royal life, and what glorious women those were!

Few men were Brooke's equals with creese, cutlass, javelin, spear, pistol or rifle, and he owed his life many times to his personal expertness. Spenser St. John, who knew him well, says: "He stood about five feet ten inches in height; he had an open,



SARAWAK GALA DRESS.

Coils and rings of wire and coins were features of feminine attire.

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handsome countenance, an active, supple frame, a daring courage that no danger could daunt, a sweet, affectionate disposition which endeared him to all who knew him well. His power of attaching both friends and followers was unrivalled, and this extended to nearly every native with whom he came in contact." St. John says also that "he was always gay and full of fun and dearly loved an argument." How dearly he loved it was shown upon a hundred fields, assaults and long pursuits. Once in the Batang-Lupar country he went to shore with a single boat-crew to dislodge pirates hidden in a brake. He entered at the head of his men, became separated from them and found himself attacked by five freebooters armed with the terrible Lanun swords. There was a small open space of firm ground, giving him room to manœuvre, so he fought them as mute as an Indian. He was opposing a cutlass to their long, heavy swords and his guard was often beaten down, but his activity saved him and he was not touched. He killed two of them and disabled a third, still in silence save for the clashing of the steel. Then four others came to the rescue of their comrades, and for the first time he called for help. His men rushed to him readily and found five Malays down. The others did not escape.

Ruling a wild country solely by force of his personality, Brooke kept himself constantly in athletic training and in constant practice with sword and firearms. It was a favorite amusement to nail the ten of a pack of cards against a tree and at thirty paces knock out the pips with a revolver

"Told Jaffir to escape."

one by one. When he first went to Sarawak the deadly weapon made by Samuel Colt had been used only in the Texan war for independence and was not widely known, but he soon obtained one and became phenomenally proficient with it. It would be hard to say how many human beings fell before this weapon, and he himself did not like to talk of it. In the Chinese rebellion, which in his later years came near to costing him his throne, he is said to have slain personally more than twenty men. The fact, however, that on this occasion his wild subjects rallied round him almost to a man and slaughtered the Chinese right and left speaks volumes for the kindness with which he treated them. Alone in the East, one white man among tens of thousands of aliens, he maintained his power, solidified his country, repressed the lawless, and was a benefactor of mankind at large. His nephew, who succeeded him and now rules, found a government and people ready to his hand. His own country passed resolutions sympathizing with the poor, harried pirates, did all that it could to hamper him, and regarded him as a Caligula in small; but posterity has given a different verdict.

Brooke was a "throw-back." Of straight Northern blood, he was a re-creation of some viking who swept the long water in a dead century. One can easily picture him with helm and breastplate, bound for the holmgang, or captaining a company of the Varanger Guard. He was explorer, discoverer, adventurer, fighter, builder and statesman. Hardraada, who required a longer than common grave in Harold's land, once sang:

> Far and fast by Sicilian havens
> Flies bounding the deer of the deep:
> We are sad, but despair is for cravens
> And courage leaps high with her leap.
> Yea! I deem all the pleasures and plenty
> Far less than to dare and to do,
> Though in Gardar my Gerda be dainty
> And shrink in her gold as I woo.

That is the belief and spirit brought to Brooke through generations. With him it was the chief end to "dare and to do," to split the waves even to the vast shore washed by the farthest sea, to pierce forests, to win a way through the bodies of men. That strand is closely woven in the Anglo-Saxon cloth. Now and again it shows through all the piece blood-red.

This unhelped conqueror of a kingdom, maker of laws, father of a people, butcher of

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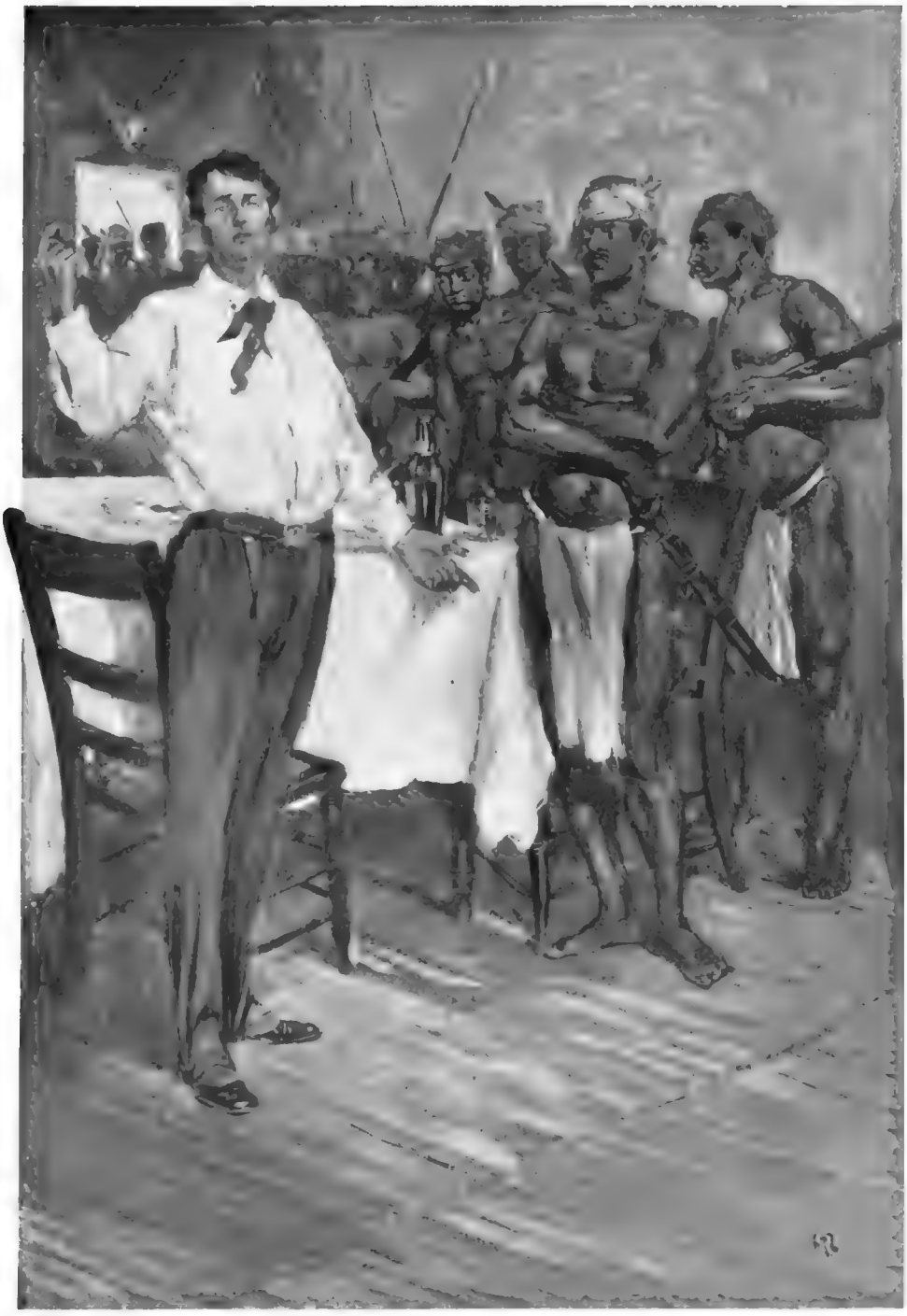

"THERE WAS NOT THE THICKNESS OF TISSUE PAPER BETWEEN BROOKE AND DEATH."

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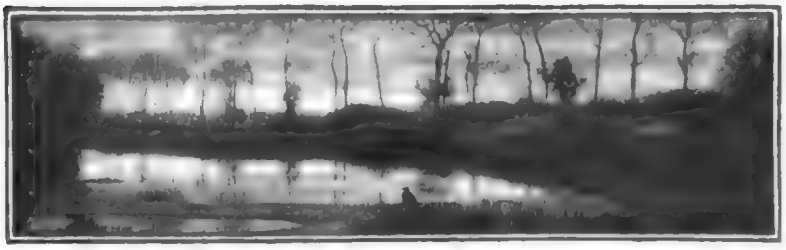
buccaneers, was a strange and attractive being. With his dulled and rusted cutlass swinging from the wall, he read Miss Austen's novels. He was fond of religious discussion, and his companions had to listen to the whole of the controversy between Huxley and Priestley. First and last he gave them all of Channing's Essays, but he was interrupted now and then by duties to go out and kill pirates or head-hunters. He put Tasso into tolerable English. Once on shipboard he published a weekly paper all in verse, most of which was his. From that house wherein he received Lingire, and formed expeditions for the slaughter of hundreds, he wrote: "I like couches and flowers and easy-chairs and newspapers and clear streams and sunny walks. Roses grow about me. All that breathes of peace and repose adds to the stillness around me. I love to allow my imagination to wander and my senses to enjoy such a scene."

He led a stormy life, embittered in its later years; his memory deserves well of civilized peoples. A more gallant, kindly, sentimental, fatal fighter never lived. With the viking strain out of him, he would have been an earnest country gentleman; with that in him, he was a dreamer, a warrior and a potentate.



THE SPIRIT OF THE NORTH-WIND.

By Ernest A. Gerrard.

THE earth is cold and hushed.
Loose tangled clouds
Toss in the darkening sky;
The dead leaves drive before the gale;
The grass bends low;
The dark pines moan;
The winged seeds lie cold and sere;
'Tis Winter.
In his icy clasp the North-wind
Comes, bearing the blizzard-snow.
And, as the Storm-king rushes, roaring
Over the awkward hills,
An Indian chief, riding alone on the plain,
Sits erect, breathes free,
And, with battling eyes, exclaims:
O spirit fierce! O North-wind!
Were I a dead leaf thou mightest bear!
Were I a swift cloud to fly with thee!
A prairie expanse to feel thy power!
O tameless, undaunted, brave!
Make me thy harp; let my body be
Filled with thy wild, fierce harmonies!
Tear me, in thy might, away from the earth
To dwell with thee on high, on high!
Spirit fierce, be thy spirit mine!
Link thy soul, e'en thine, with mine!

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A JAPANESE GENTLEMAN

By C. V. C. MATHEWS

Illustrated by HAROLD HEARTT FOLEY.

HE came at a time when spring, like a breath of Florida sweetness, had stolen upon Washington unawares, and given over her parks and circles to a tender luxuriance of bloom.

He came with a stack of letters which demanded for him the consideration of those who are high in the land. He came as a person of importance, of consequence, comes—attended by his tutor, who was English, his courier, who was American, and his two servants, who were Japanese.

He was very careful in his English, very polite in his manner, excessively imperturbable, and unmistakably Japanese.

He came to see what he politely termed the superior excellencies of this superior country; and those of the diplomatic circle to whom his letters were addressed saw to it that the paths which he trod were made smooth before his feet. Together with the tutor, the courier and the servants, they protected him on every side from all that could possibly be injurious to a confiding Japanese gentleman.

But, alas! as the heel of Achilles was vulnerable, so they had left one avenue unprotected, one gate unguarded, being powerless to guard it; and along that unsentineled highway, as sweet and penetrating as the breath of the violets that the little Japanese gentleman soon learned with delight to lay at her feet, came a vision—a vision who, like himself, moved in the diplomatic circle, and who sadly disturbed those innermost depths of calm that had

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heretofore circled the citadel of his innocent little Japanese heart.

With the luring charm of a Washington April making a background against which her own beauty and charm stood out in a delicate brilliance that fairly rivalled the April, Elinor Almy formed a torch at which Mr. Waunatomo took instant fire.

Because of Mr. Almy's Japanese interests, which were extensive, Mr. Waunatomo found the doors of the Almy's house opened wide to him, and a vista of happiness, brilliant, wide and, to his excited imagination, limitless, extended itself before him with the opening of those doors.

At the first sight of Elinor, so directly opposite in beauty, in manner and in character from all that had heretofore been his ideal of beauty, manner and character, his untutored little Japanese heart experienced a sensation that he found as pleasurable as it was startling and strange; it appeared to turn completely over within his breast.

If any guardian angels are told off to watch over the wandering sons of Japan, then the one whose duty it was to attend Mr. Waunatomo had undoubtedly neglected her office and gone off sightseeing, without even the kindness to hint to him in warning that caution is indeed the mother of safety!

Mr. Waunatomo was excessively incautious. No thought of flying from the flame which dazzled him appeared to present itself to him. No idea ever wavered across his brain of shaping a backward course which should lead away from the disturber of his peace.

The intention of his estimable Japanese papa had been to have him make an exhaustive American tour; which wish he had been happily prepared to carry out, but the first shock of that old jerky motion in the region of his heart had also blunted the edge of his filial duty.

"Thad Washin'ton is so gread a city," said Mr. Waunatomo, artlessly, "that I inspect *all* those gread United States country if I am staying righd here!"

So, far from flying from the flame, Mr. Waunatomo dared it, as it were, to do its worst. He dined and lunched, and even breakfasted, at the Almys'; he went automobiling with Elinor in the afternoons, he came back with her to five-o'clock tea afterward. He played ping-pong with her with a delightful agility, a certain decorous impetuosity, and ejaculated "Ping!" or "Pong!" in politely triumphant accents at each lucky stroke.

And all the while his little heart kept up its odd gymnastics, not quite so violently as at first, but unalterably.

Elinor Almy herself was by no means unfamiliar with that sensation of the heart which Mr. Waunatomo was undergoing, but she had long ago learned to associate it with the presence of Lieutenant Richard Powers of the U. S. S. *Alaska*, now stationed at Yokohama, and if she was more than ordinarily kind and polite to Mr. Waunatomo her reasons, perhaps, were less connected with filial compliance to Mr. Almy's wishes than from an illogical and inexplicable feeling that the presence of one so lately arrived from Japan brought Yokohama and Lieutenant Richard Powers nearer.

It was a reason too subtly feminine for Mr. Waunatomo to grasp, and, truth to tell, it never occurred to him. He opened his heart and soul to her smile as one of the beloved cherry blossoms of his own land would expand to the warmth and light of the sun, and he was happy—so happy that even in his own flowery Japanese, still less in his painfully particular English, there was no word which could rightly express the rapturous happiness which he felt.

. . . . . .

The lights in the Benedicts' ballroom were shining down upon an assemblage which, from their elevation, must have seemed a mosaic of brilliantly diversified coloring. They shone down gaily upon Mr. Waunatomo, who perhaps was the least self-conscious guest at Mrs. Benedict's masquerade. Being entirely at ease in his Japanese attire, gay with brocade and stiffened with gold as became his rank, he moved, light-hearted, good-natured, among the rest, ceaselessly pursuing his "inspections" of the social customs of "that gread country," which customs he considered it his mission to search out.

Life was rose color, Washington was fairyland, to Mr. Waunatomo, and curiosity led him hither and thither among the dancers like some gay, inquisitive little butterfly. It led him at last to the shade of the palms that screened the fountain at the end of the conservatory—and there, out of sight of the crowd and within the crashing music of the military band faded out by the distance to an echo of itself, Mr Waunatomo chanced upon Elinor Almy alone.

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"An instinct of chivalry . . . pulled him through."

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There come moments when music and lights and gaiety and all the pleasures that the world and fashion can bring count for nothing beside the fact that the person you care for most is on the other side of the world and you can't see him; and no amount of longing that either of you can do can annihilate even one of the miles that lie between you. It is an established fact that these moments come at the most inopportune times, and even the gayest of occasions cannot ward them off.

Such a moment had arrived for Elinor Almy. One turn round the room with Dick Powers seemed just the one thing in the world for which to exchange all your earthly possessions, and each separate mile of the thousands that lay between Yokohama and Washington seemed to lengthen itself out into three and mock her.

She had sent off her escort on some pretext —a plump and jolly toreador in satin is only an irritation to have about when what one *wants* is a big, quiet man in the navy blue with two gold bars on his collar.

Mr. Waunatomo, emerging from the shadow of a tall palm, was smitten by the far-away look on his beloved's face.

"Oh, you most honorably beautiful angel!" he cried. "Do not be sad!"

Elinor looked up; it was as if some one had interposed a bright little Japanese fan between her and her thoughts, yet the smile that was struggling to the front delayed long enough for Mr. Waunatomo to take alarm.

"Thad's nod nise for me to say?" he inquired anxiously. "It nod righd to ask an honorable United States angel nod to be sad?"

At that Elinor's smile broke out like a light after a shadow.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Waunatomo," she said. "It was all right, but you were mistaken. I am not sad; I was only thinking."

Mr. Waunatomo beamed; if his angel was not sad, all was right with the world.

"Those honorably beautiful thoughts," he said. "They must be of the fragrance of the most adorable of cherry blossoms. Could one of the very little smallest of those flower thoughts be of me?"

He trembled at his own boldness, but some power outside of himself seemed to be pushing this little Japanese moth on toward the flame that to him shone out beyond all others in the world.

Elinor smiled down at him kindly.

"They are very often of you, Mr. Waunatomo," she said. "We shall all be sorry when you go back to Japan."

"If thad going brings a sorrow feeling to your honorable tender heart, I will nod never go," said Mr. Waunatomo with decision.

"Oh, but you must go back some day, you know," said Elinor. "This is only a visit," and she continued to smile down at him, that vague, kindly smile that was rapidly upsetting the equilibrium of Mr. Waunatomo. He felt it going to his head; yet how could a polite little Japanese gentleman say "Stop smiling at me!" to the adored of his soul, when the adored of his soul was so supremely unconscious of the tumult that raged under the gold and brocade of his costume.

"I shall *nod* go back," said Mr. Waunatomo, unexpectedly, "without my honorably beautiful angel, which superior angel is *you*, goes back with me to my honorably unworthy home!"

He followed this heroic declaration by all the wooing that he had at his command. As rapidly as his own flowery language could be turned into the most inaccurate of English, just so rapidly he informed her that she was his most superior "Star of Daylight," his honorably exquisite "Cherry Blossom," whose delicacy and beauty were so augustly superior that he was honorably unable to put them into words. And his love for her! Since the world began there had flowed no river with a tide like that love! It would enfold her as the gold sunshine enfolded the earth. It would lavish upon her every joy which Japan could afford. It would import for her such joys as United States—Washington ladies required for their happiness.

He painted the beauties of Japanese domestic happiness with all the skilfulness of rhetoric. He touched with becoming modesty upon the honorable advantages attaching to the rank of his father. He wove a wonderful brilliant fabric descriptive of the joys that waited for them in the land of his beloved cherry blossoms; and then—the dim edge of a hitherto unknown fear crossed his heart; a fear that something was gone wrong. The silence of his augustly honorable angel brought him for the first time a chilling terror that his dream after all should prove to be only a bubble and break.

The smile had faded from Elinor Almy's face; she put out her hand quickly and laid it gently upon his.

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"Ah, *don't*, Mr. Waunatomo," she said. "I thought you knew—that every one knew—that I was going to marry Lieutenant Powers."

The light died out of Mr. Waunatomo's eyes—to make way for the anguish that filled them. It is a bitter moment when you touch the flame that dazzled your mothlike fancy only to find a scorching pain where you looked for the radiance of delight.

"Thad same Lieutenant Powers thad I meet on your most excellent United States war-ship in Yokohama?" he asked.

Elinor nodded.

For a minute the whole figure of the little Japanese drooped forlornly, as one of his own cherry blossoms might have drooped, but an instinct of chivalry, which flowers, where it flowers at all, without regard to Orient or Occident, pulled him through.

"You have made an honorable excellent choice," he said firmly. "Thad Lieutenant Powers was a most honorably nise man!"

"Honorably nice!" So he was, but it brought another smile to Elinor's lips, and that smile was like another wave of the scorching flame that was so hurtful to Mr. Waunatomo's heart.

"To you it is only funny," he said sadly, "an' to me it is everything los'."

"Oh, *no*," said Elinor swiftly, "not funny. I am sorry—so sorry."

"I am sorry, too," said Mr. Waunatomo naïvely, and there was something suspiciously like tears in his bright, dark eyes. Then he straightened himself valiantly.

"No," he said. "I am *nod* sorry: I am glad always that I have showed the honorably superior sense to give you my love."

. . . . . .

The toreador in satin, coming back, found Elinor as he had left her, alone under the shadow of the palms, with the military band still crashing out its distant music; but out in the wide, flower-embanked hall a little Japanese gentleman stood aloof from the gaiety, and watched it with eyes for which that brilliant mosaic of color and light had suddenly lost interest.

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MISS JANE ADDAMS.

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"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE."

A scene in the court of Hull House.

MISS JANE ADDAMS, OF HULL HOUSE, CHICAGO.

THE HEAD OF THE FIRST SOCIAL SETTLEMENT OF AMERICA.

By Charlotte Teller.

A glimpse of the Labor Museum.

THE Tolstoyan attitude towards life in the midst of complex American civilization — that is what makes the various activities of Jane Addams of interest to those who are studying the present trend of the Christian renaissance. She is a person with an extended conscience, a socialized conscience, and in spite of the many different ways in which she fills the days there is always the possibility of tracing the act or the word back to this attitude of mind and to the desire for right relationships between all people.

Miss Addams did not formulate her plans clearly until she left Rockford College after her graduation in 1881. Then she determined to become a physician, so that she might find a natural place among the poor without any of the artificiality which characterizes most charitable work. She took a full year's medical course in Philadelphia, although she was at the time under the doctor's care for a spinal trouble, with which she has always been afflicted. At the end of the year she was compelled to rest, and went to Europe, where she alternated travel and study. New possibilities opened up to her in London when she saw the work of Toynbee Hall among the poor of that city. Why not make the same practical effort in the United States?

Up to that time her life was a preparation for the position which she holds to-day as the head of the first social settlement of America. The visitor who comes to Hull House in Chicago must be impressed, as Hall Caine was on his visit, when he pronounced it the most complete social settlement in the world; yet it is really but an extension of the personality of this woman, whose gray eyes look out over the lives of the many people coming each day to the door of the home she has made among the poor.

Even before he reaches the doorway, the visitor must be impressed by the appear-

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ance of the block of red buildings in the midst of the confusion and squalor which characterizes Halsted street. A long country road it used to be; and now it is the longest and most crowded thoroughfare in Chicago. Representatives of all the nations live on the two sides of the clanging cable cars, and almost every nation has congested communities on the cross streets. There are Italians, Irish, Bohemians, Poles and Russian Jews. Far out to the north are Scandinavians, and far to the south thousands of Americans.

Only three-quarters of a mile of this street lies in the Nineteenth Ward, at whose centre Hull House is located. Although the other dimension is but a mile and a quarter, there are fifty thousand people who call the ward home. In its small area the manners and customs of half of Europe may be studied, and some of the future of America; for the children of all the races play together on the sidewalks, sit elbow to elbow in saloon doorways; and, disregarding differences, suffer the same privations and enjoy the same few privileges offered by crowded public schools and Catholic churches.

It was the cosmopolitan character of the neighborhood, rather than the extreme poverty, which appealed to Jane Addams when she came back to her own country and began her search for the best place in which to carry out her theory that the two great classes of rich and poor could be brought together. The residents of the neighborhood were not likely to prove so conservative as to interfere with the success of her schemes, for at some time in their lives all of them except the younger generation had shown energy enough to emigrate from homes to which tradition had bound them, and to start out for better conditions.

Fortunately a former residence of sufficient size and comfort stood at the very heart of the community; and Miss Helen Culver, the owner, became so interested in the project that she let Miss Addams have the use of it, and the adjoining ground, rent free. As one enters, the fine old stairway suggests the substantial character of the whole house. To the right is the large reception room, never without occupants waiting to see Miss Addams or some of the other twenty-six residents who are concerned with their welfare. To the left there is a large room used as a sitting-room; back of it is a library, and on one side Miss Addams' office and workroom, which is called the "octagon" because of its shape.

In this room she is first of all administrator; at some time or other all the plans of class work, lectures, political campaigns and labor organization carried on by the House are here brought before her. The janitors of the brick quadrangle which has grown out of the original house; the engineer of the central lighting and heating plant; the workers in the central laundry; the cooks in the central kitchen, as well as the waitresses in the café, are under her direct supervision. The average man would find the mere business of running such a house more than enough to occupy his time. But with all this, the woman who sits at her desk and acts as the general finds time to plan great coöperative undertakings, as well as to write the lectures which she gives at Chautauqua, and, during the winter, in various cities.

On the walls of the octagon one may trace some of the influences which have contributed to the interesting personality of the woman in their midst. There are pictures of Tolstoy, whom she visited in Russia, Abraham Lincoln, Savonarola, Peter Krapotkin, Henry George, Altgeldt, Mazzini, and others who have been the radicals working for humanity. The one woman's face in the group is that of George Eliot. A day spent in this little room would give the best idea of what the duties are which have sprung up with the growth of usual settlement work.

Besides the administration and the preparation of lectures and articles, there are hundreds of opportunities for the most personal sort of work with the people of the neighborhood, who have come to look upon Miss Addams as counsellor, nurse, chaplain and friend. When sick horses have to be killed she is sent for in order that her judgment may back the owner's and that there may be no trouble about insurance money. When babies succumb to the heat and poverty in summer, and to exposure in winter, she is sent for to give advice. Orphans are sent to homes, sick children put into hospitals, women into sanitary houses, and men into positions through her help. These things go unrecorded except in the hearts of those about her. Occasionally, however, the gratitude of some of those who come to the door of the house for relief is expressed in substantial

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form, as in the case of an old Russian woman who, without giving her name, left a large samovar and said it was in return for some long ago kindness of Jane Addams.

On one occasion an old Scotch woman was leaving the house after one of the customary Jeremiah visits; Miss Addams saw her thin covering, and put about her shoulders the fur-lined circular which she really needed herself. Undoubtedly the old woman was warm, though there was some question as to her appreciation of the deed.

One of the most interesting experiments at Hull House grew out of Jane Addams' visits to the women of different nationalities; she became interested in the skill of the women in weaving. The Syrian women, the Russians, Italians and Irish all worked from time to time at the occupation which at home meant so much and in this country of factories so little. It occurred to her that the whole history of spinning and weaving might be exemplified if the women could be persuaded to take their various apparatus to one place, leaving it there on exhibition when not working. This was done, and out of the coöperation has come what is known as the Labor Museum, a unique illustration of what is usually only to be learned in theory from books. Cooking, basket-making, metal work, wood-carving and sewing are all done under the new roof put up to meet the needs of this study in the evolution of the oldest of the arts. Another advantage of the common workroom is its effect on the young people of the neighborhood. Miss Addams found that many of the foreign women were looked down on by their children because of their old-country ways and inability to speak English. When the women work together, producing results evidently of value, they gain in importance, and the younger generation feels its own insignificance. It is to be noted how entirely this labor museum is in accord with the working principles of the new school in education, which insists that industrial processes must be learned actively as a part of life, and not merely from hearsay information in the world of books.

It is in this support of radical educational methods that Jane Addams earns her title of Social Educator, although perhaps she is not conscious that this side of the work is the most significant of all. She works to democratize social life by living among the people who have the least, and bringing others down to the threshold of poverty to see for themselves.

Most of the people who come to live at the settlement are doing some work to gain a livelihood, and choose Hull House as their home for the sake of what they may learn, while giving of what they have. The house itself is a lesson in beauty and simplicity of furnishing. Mahogany and art textures, fine pictures and rare bric-a-brac show the taste of Miss Addams, who furnished the house at the beginning of its history. Since then many of the residents and some of the outside friends have given pieces of furniture and pictures, sometimes enough for a club-room or a suite. None of the money given to settlement work has ever been spent on the house itself.

Everything speaks of the executive ability and character of the leader, whose discretion and discrimination in the choice of helpers has made this effort in behalf of greater social democracy what it is. A record of the twelve years' history lies in the buildings themselves; there is the children's building in which there is crèche and kindergarten. There is a room in the Butler Building for exhibits. The coffee house, in the style of an English inn, is crowded daily. The gymnasium and auditorium are lighted up nearly every evening either for clubs, dramatic performances, trades union meetings or public speaking in various tongues. The Jane Club is a coöperative establishment kept up by thirty independent, self-supporting young women, who live there. And there are the newer buildings devoted to club work and apartments. All of these may be said to be the direct result of Jane Addams' own use of each opportunity as it has come to her. She is invited to the houses of many of the richest families of the city, and she teaches the gospel of Tolstoy wherever she goes—that "the rich should get off the backs of the poor." As Elia W. Peattie has said: "Her attitude of mind has always been that of the student. She has a patience which includes all men, all sins, all conditons, all prejudices, all superstitions. Whatever else may be said of her, she is largely tolerant. Possibly she is the most largely tolerant soul in this great community of souls who do not commune; this commonwealth which is not common; this industrial corporation called Chicago in which industry crushes and makes men."

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HYGEIA AT THE SOLITO

BY O. HENRY

IF you are knowing in the chronicles of the ring you will recall to mind an event in the early nineties when, for a minute and sundry odd seconds, a champion and a "would-be" faced each other on the alien side of an international river. So brief a conflict had rarely imposed upon the fair promise of true sport. The reporters made what they could of it, but, divested of padding, the action was sadly fugacious. The champion merely smote his victim, turned his back upon him, remarking, "I know what I done to dat stiff," and extended an arm like a ship's mast for his glove to be removed.

Which accounts for a train-load of extremely disgusted gentlemen in an uproar of fancy vests and neckwear being spilled from their Pullmans in San Antonio in the early morning following the fight. Which also partly accounts for the unhappy predicament in which "Cricket" McGuire found himself as he tumbled from his car and sat upon the depot platform, torn by a spasm of that hollow, racking cough so familiar to San Antonian ears. At that time, in the uncertain light of dawn, that way passed Curtis Raidler, the Nueces County cattleman—may his shadow never measure under six feet two.

The cattleman, out this early to catch the south-bound for his ranch station, stopped at the side of the distressed patron of sport, and spoke in the kindly drawl of his ilk and region, "Got it pretty bad, bud?"

"Cricket" McGuire, ex-feather-weight prize-fighter, tout, jockey, follower of the "ponies," all-round sport, and manipulator of the gum balls and walnut shells, looked up pugnaciously at the imputation cast by "bud."

"G'wan," he rasped, "telegraph pole. I didn't ring for yer."

Another paroxysm wrung him, and he leaned limply against a convenient baggage truck. Raidler waited patiently, glancing around at the white hats, short overcoats, and big cigars thronging the platform. "You're from the no'th, ain't you, bud?" he asked when the other was partially recovered. "Come down to see the fight?"

"Fight!" snapped McGuire. "Puss-in-the-corner! 'Twas a hypodermic injection. Handed him just one like a squirt of dope, and he's asleep, and no tanbark needed in front of his residence. Fight!" He rattled a bit, coughed, and went on, hardly addressing the cattleman, but rather for the relief of voicing his troubles. "No more dead sure t'ings for me. But Rus Sage himself would have snatched at it. Five to one dat de boy from Cork wouldn't stay t'ree rounds is what I invested in. Put my last cent on, and could already smell the sawdust in dat all-night joint of Jimmy Delaney's on T'irty-seventh Street I was goin' to buy. And den—say, telegraph pole, what a gazaboo a guy is to put his whole roll on one turn of the gaboozlum!"

"You're plenty right," said the big cattleman; "more 'specially when you lose. Son, you get up and light out for a hotel. You got a mighty bad cough. Had it long?"

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"Lungs," said McGuire comprehensively. "I got it. The croaker says I'll come to time for four months longer—maybe six if I hold my gait. I wanted to settle down and take care of myself. Dat's why I speculated on dat five to one perhaps. I had a t'ousand iron dollars saved up. If I winned I was goin' to buy Delaney's *café*. Who'd a t'ought dat stiff would take a nap in the foist round—say?"

"It's a hard deal," commented Raidler, looking down at the diminutive form of McGuire crumpled against the truck. "But you go to a hotel and rest. There's the Menger and the Maverick, and——"

"And the Fi'th Av'noo, and the Waldorf-Astoria," mimicked McGuire. "Told you I went broke. I'm on de bum, proper. I've got one dime left. Maybe a trip to Europe or a sail in me private yacht would fix me up—poi-per!"

He flung his dime at a newsboy, got his *Express*, propped his back against the truck, and was at once rapt in the account of his Waterloo as expanded by the ingenious press.

Curtis Raidler interrogated an enormous gold watch, and laid his hand on McGuire's shoulder.

"Come on, bud," he said. "We got three minutes to catch the train."

Sarcasm seemed to be McGuire's vein.

"You ain't seen me cash in any chips or call a turn since I told you I was broke, a minute ago, have you? Friend, chase yourself away."

"You're going down to my ranch," said the cattleman, "and stay till you get well. Six months 'll fix you good as new." He lifted McGuire with one hand, and half-dragged him in the direction of the train.

"What about the money?" said McGuire, struggling weakly to escape.

"Money for what?" asked Raidler, puzzled. They eyed each other, not understanding, for they touched only as at the gear of bevelled cog-wheels—at right angles, and moving upon different axes.

Passengers on the south-bound saw them seated together, and wondered at the conflux of two such antipodes. McGuire was five feet one, with a countenance belonging to either Yokohama or Dublin. Bright-beady of eye, bony of cheek and jaw, scarred, toughened, broken and reknit, indestructible, grisly, gladiatorial as a hornet, he was a type neither new nor unfamiliar. Raidler was the product of a different soil. Six feet two in height, miles broad, and no deeper than a crystal brook, he represented the union of the West and South. Few accurate pictures of his kind have been made, for art galleries are so small, and the mutoscope as yet unknown in Texas. After all, the only possible medium of portrayal of Raidler's kind would be the fresco—something high and simple and cool and unframed.

They were rolling southward on the International. The timber was huddling into little dense, green motts at rare distances before the inundation of the downright, vert prairies. This was the land of the ranches; the domain of the kings of the kine.

McGuire sat, collapsed into his corner of the seat, receiving with acid suspicion the conversation of the cattleman. What was the "game" of this big "geezer" who was carrying him off? Altruism would have been McGuire's last guess. "He ain't no farmer," thought the captive, "and he ain't no con man, for sure. W'at's his lay? You trail in, Cricket, and see how many cards he draws. You're up against it, anyhow. You got a nickel and gallopin' consumption, and you better lay low. Lay low, and see w'at's his game."

At Rincon, a hundred miles from San Antonio, they left the train for a buckboard which was waiting there for Raidler. In this they travelled the thirty miles between the station and their destination. If anything could, this drive should have stirred the acrimonious McGuire to a sense of his ransom. They sped upon velvety wheels across an exhilarant savanna. The pair of Spanish ponies struck a nimble, tireless trot, which gait they occasionally relieved by a wild, untrammelled gallop. The air was wine and seltzer, perfumed, as they absorbed it, with the delicate redolence of prairie flowers. The road perished, and the buckboard swam the uncharted billows of the grass itself, steered by the practised hand of Raidler, to whom each tiny distant mott of trees was a signboard, each convolution of the low hills a voucher of course and distance. But McGuire reclined upon his spine, seeing nothing but a desert, and receiving the cattleman's advances with sullen mistrust. "W'at's he up to?" was the burden of his thoughts; "w'at kind of a gold brick has the big guy got to sell?"

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McGuire was only applying the measure of the streets he had walked to a range bounded by the horizon and the fourth dimension.

A week before, while riding the prairies, Raidler had come upon a sick and weakling calf deserted and bawling. Without dismounting he had reached and slung the distressed bossy across his saddle, and dropped it at the ranch for the boys to attend to. It was impossible for McGuire to know or comprehend that, in the eyes of the cattleman, his case and that of the calf were identical in interest and demand upon his assistance. A creature was ill and helpless; he had the power to render aid—these were the only postulates required for the cattleman to act. They formed his system of logic and the most of his creed. McGuire was the seventh invalid whom Raidler had picked up thus casually in San Antonio, where so many thousands go for the ozone that is said to linger about its contracted streets. Five of them had been guests of Solito Ranch until they had been able to leave, cured or better, and exhausting the vocabulary of tearful gratitude. One came too late, but rested very comfortably, at last, under a ratama tree in the garden.

So, then, it was no surprise to the ranchhold when the buckboard spun to the door, and Raidler took up his debile *protégé* like a handful of rags and set him down upon the gallery.

McGuire looked upon things strange to him. The ranch-house was the best in the county. It was built of brick hauled one hundred miles by wagon, but it was of but one story, and its four rooms were completely encircled by a mud floor "gallery." The miscellaneous setting of horses, dogs, saddles, wagons, guns, and cow-punchers' paraphernalia oppressed the metropolitan eye of the wrecked sportsman.

"Well, here we are at home," said Raidler cheeringly.

"It's a h—l of a looking place," said McGuire promptly, as he rolled upon the gallery floor in a fit of coughing.

"We'll try to make it comfortable for you, buddy," said the cattleman gently. "It ain't fine inside; but it's the out-doors, anyway, that'll do you the most good. This'll be your room, in here. Anything we got, you ask for it."

He led McGuire into the east room. The floor was bare and clean. White curtains waved in the gulf breeze through the open windows. A big willow rocker, two straight chairs, a long table covered with newspapers, pipes, tobacco, spurs, and cartridges stood in the centre. Some well-mounted heads of deer and one of an enormous black javeli projected from the walls. A wide, cool cot-bed stood in a corner. Nueces County people regarded this guest-chamber as fit for a prince. McGuire showed his eye-teeth at it. He took out his nickel and spun it up to the ceiling.

"T'ought I was lyin' about the money, did ye? Well, you can frisk me if you wanter. Dat's the last simoleon in the treasury. Who's goin' to pay?"

The cattleman's clear gray eyes looked steadily from under his grizzly brows into the huckleberry optics of his guest. After a little he said simply, and not ungraciously, "I'll be much obliged to you, son, if you won't mention money any more. Once was quite a plenty. Folks I ask to my ranch don't have to pay anything, and they very scarcely ever offers it. Supper'll be ready in half an hour. There's water in the pitcher, and some, cooler, to drink, in that red jar hanging on the gallery."

"Where's the bell?" asked McGuire, looking about.

"Bell for what?"

"Bell to ring for things. I can't—see here," he exploded in a sudden, weak fury, "I never asked you to bring me here. I never held you up for a cent. I never give you a hard-luck story till you asked me. Here I am, fifty miles from a bellboy or a cocktail. I'm sick. I can't hustle. Gee! but I'm up against it!" McGuire fell upon the cot and sobbed shiveringly.

Raidler went to the door and called. A slender, bright-complexioned Mexican youth about twenty came quickly. Raidler spoke to him in Spanish:

"Ylario, it is in my mind that I promised you the position of *vaquero* on the San Carlos range at the fall *rodea*."

"*Si, señor*, such was your goodness."

"Listen. This *señorito* is my friend. He is very sick. Place yourself at his side. Attend to his wants at all times. Have much patience and care with him. And when he is well, or—and when he is well, instead of *vaquero* I will make you *mayordomo* of the Rancho de las Piedras. *Esta bueno?*"

"*Si, si—mil gracias, señor.*" Ylario

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tried to kneel upon the floor in his gratitude, but the cattleman kicked at him benevolently, growling, "None of your opery-house antics, now."

Ten minutes later Ylario came from McGuire's room and stood before Raidler.

"The little *señor*," he announced, "presents his compliments" (Raidler credited Ylario with the preliminary) "and desires some pounded ice, one hot bath, one gin feez-z, that the windows be all closed, toast, one shave, one Newyorkheral', cigarettes, and to send one telegram."

Raidler took a quart bottle of whiskey from his medicine cabinet. "Here, take him this," he said.

Thus was instituted the reign of terror at the Solito Ranch. For a few weeks McGuire blustered and boasted and swaggered before the cow-punchers who rode in for miles around to see this latest importation of Raidler's. He was an absolutely new experience to them. He explained to them all the intricate points of sparring and the tricks of training and defence. He opened to their minds' view all the indecorous life of a tagger after professional sports. His jargon of slang was a continuous joy and surprise to them. His gestures, his strange poses, his frank ribaldry of tongue and principle fascinated them. He was like a being from a new world.

Strange to say, this new world he had entered did not exist to him. He was an utter egoist of bricks and mortar. He had dropped out, he felt, into open space for a time, and all it contained was an audience for his reminiscences. Neither the limitless freedom of the prairie days nor the grand hush of the close-drawn, spangled nights touched him. All the hues of Aurora could not win him from the pink pages of a sporting journal. "Get something for nothing," was his mission in life; "T'irty-seventh" Street was his goal.

Nearly two months after his arrival he began to complain that he felt worse. It was then that he became the ranch's incubus, its harpy, its Old Man of the Sea. He shut himself in his room like some venomous kobold or flibbertigibbet, whining, complaining, cursing, accusing. The keynote of his plaint was that he had been inveigled into a gehenna against his will; that he was dying of neglect and lack of comforts. With all his dire protestations of increasing illness, to the eye of others he remained unchanged. His currant-like eyes were as bright and diabolic as ever; his voice was as rasping; his callous face, with the skin drawn tense as a drumhead, had no flesh to lose. A flush on his prominent cheek bones each afternoon hinted that a clinical thermometer might have revealed a symptom, and percussion might have established the fact that McGuire was breathing with only one lung, but his appearance remained the same.

In constant attendance upon him was Ylario, whom the coming reward of the *mayordomo*ship must have greatly stimulated, for McGuire chained him to a bitter existence. The air—the man's only chance for life—he commanded to be kept out by closed windows and drawn curtains. The room was always blue and foul with cigarette smoke; whosoever entered it must sit, suffocating, and listen to the imp's interminable gasconade concerning his scandalous career.

The oddest thing of all was the relations existing between McGuire and his benefactor. The attitude of the invalid toward the cattleman was something like that of a peevish, perverse child toward an indulgent parent. When Raidler would leave the ranch, McGuire would fall into a fit of malevolent, silent sullenness. When he returned, he would be met by a string of violent and stinging reproaches. Raidler's attitude toward his charge was quite as inexplicable in its way. The cattleman seemed actually to assume and feel the character assigned him by McGuire's intemperate accusations—the character of tyrant and guilty oppressor. He seemed to have adopted the responsibility of the fellow's condition, and he always met his tirades with a pacific, patient, and even remorseful kindness that never altered.

One day Raidler said to him, "Try more air, son. You can have the buckboard and a driver every day if you'll go. Try a week or two in one of the cow camps. I'll fix you up plum comfortable. The ground, and the air next to it—them's the things to cure you. I knowed a man from Philadelphy, sicker than you are, got lost on the Guadalupe, and slept on the bare grass in sheep camps for two weeks. Well, sir, it started him getting well, which he done. Close to the ground—that's where the medicine in the air stays. Try a little hossback riding now. There's a gentle pony——"

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"What've I done to yer?" screamed McGuire. "Did I ever double cross yer? Did I ask you to bring me here? Drive me out to yer camps if you wanter; or stick a knife in me and save trouble. Ride! I can't lift my feet. I couldn't side-step a jab from a five-year-old kid. That's what your d—d ranch has done for me. There's nothing to eat, nothing to see, and nobody to talk to but a lot of Reubens who don't know a punching-bag from a lobster salad."

"His arm," said Chad, "is harder'n a diamond. He interduced me to what he called a shore-perplex-us punch, and 'twas like being kicked twice by a mustang. He's playin' it low down on you, Curt. He ain't no sicker'n I am. I hate to say it, but the runt's workin' you for range and shelter."

The cattleman's ingenuous mind refused to entertain Chad's view of the case, and

"'HOW'S THAT?' ASKED McGUIRE, A LITTLE STARTLED."

"It's a lonesome place, for certain," apologized Raidler abashedly. "We got plenty, but it's rough enough. Anything you think of you want, the boys'll ride up and fetch it down for you."

It was Chad Murchison, a cow-puncher from the Circle Bar outfit, who first suggested that McGuire's illness was fraudulent. Chad had brought a basket of grapes for him thirty miles, and four out of his way, tied to his saddle-horn. After remaining in the smoke-tainted room for a while, he emerged and bluntly confided his suspicions to Raidler.

when, later, he came to apply the test, doubt entered not into his motives.

One day, about noon, two men drove up to the ranch, alighted, hitched, and came in to dinner; standing and general invitations being the custom of the country. One of them was a great San Antonio doctor, whose costly services had been engaged by a wealthy cowman who had been laid low by an accidental bullet. He was now being driven to the station to take the train back to town. After dinner Raidler took him aside, pushed a twenty-dollar bill against his hand, and said:

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"Doc, there's a young chap in that room I guess has got a bad case of consumption. I'd like for you to look him over and see just how bad he is, and if we can do anything for him."

"How much was that dinner I just ate, Mr. Raidler?" said the doctor bluffly, looking over his spectacles. Raidler returned the money to his pocket. The doctor immediately entered McGuire's room, and the cattleman seated himself upon a heap of saddles on the gallery, ready to reproach himself in the event the verdict should be unfavorable.

In ten minutes the doctor came briskly out. "Your man," he said promptly, "is as sound as a new dollar. His lungs are better than mine. Respiration, temperature, and pulse normal. Chest expansion five inches. Not a sign of weakness anywhere. Of course I didn't examine for the bacillus, but it isn't there. You can put my name to the diagnosis. Even cigarettes and a vilely close room haven't hurt him. Coughs, does he? Well, you tell him it isn't necessary. You asked if there is anything we could do for him. Well, I advise you to set him digging post-holes or breaking mustangs. There's our team ready. Good-day, sir." And like a puff of wholesome, blustery wind the doctor was off.

Raidler reached out and plucked a leaf from a mesquite bush by the railing, and began chewing it thoughtfully.

The branding season was at hand, and the next morning Ross Hargis, foreman of the outfit, was mustering his force of some twenty-five men at the ranch, ready to start for the San Carlos range, where the work was to begin. By six o'clock the horses were all saddled, the grub wagon ready, and the cow-punchers were swinging themselves upon their mounts, when Raidler bade them wait. A boy was bringing up an extra pony, bridled and saddled, to the gate. Raidler walked to McGuire's room and threw open the door. McGuire was lying on his cot, not yet dressed, smoking.

"Get up," said the cattleman, and his voice was clear and brassy, like a bugle.

"How's that?" asked McGuire, a little startled.

"Get up and dress. I can stand a rattlesnake, but I hate a liar. Do I have to tell you again?" He caught McGuire by the neck and stood him on the floor.

"Say, friend," cried McGuire wildly, "are you bughouse? I'm sick—see? I'll croak if I got to hustle. What've I done to yer?"—he began his chronic whine—"I never asked yer to——"

"Put on your clothes," called Raidler in a rising tone.

Swearing, stumbling, shivering, keeping his amazed, shiny eyes upon the now menacing form of the aroused cattleman, McGuire managed to tumble into his clothes. Then Raidler took him by the collar and shoved him out and across the yard to the extra pony hitched at the gate. The cow-punchers lolled in their saddles, open-mouthed.

"Take this man," said Raidler to Ross Hargis, "and put him to work. Make him work hard, sleep hard, and eat hard. You boys know I done what I could for him, and he was welcome. Yesterday the best doctor in San Antone examined him, and says he's got the lungs of a burro and the constitution of a steer. You know what to do with him, Ross."

Ross Hargis only smiled grimly.

"Aw," said McGuire, looking intently at Raidler, with a peculiar expression upon his face, "the croaker said I was all right, did he? Said I was fakin', did he? You put him onto me. You t'ought I wasn't sick. You said I was a liar. Say, friend, I talked rough, I know, but I didn't mean most of it. If you felt like I did—aw! I forgot—I ain't sick, the croaker says. Well, friend, now I'll go work for yer. Here's where you play even."

He sprang into the saddle easily as a bird, got the quirt from the horn, and gave his pony a slash with it. "Cricket," who once brought in Good Boy by a neck at Hawthorne—and a 10 to 1 shot—had his foot in the stirrups again.

McGuire led the cavalcade as they dashed away for San Carlos, and the cow-punchers gave a yell of applause as they closed in behind his dust.

But in less than a mile he had lagged to the rear, and was last man when they struck the patch of high chaparral below the horse pens. Behind a clump of this he drew rein, and held a handkerchief to his mouth. He took it away drenched with bright, arterial blood, and threw it carefully into a clump of prickly pear. Then he slashed with his quirt again, gasped, "G'wan," to his astonished pony, and galloped after the gang.

That night Raidler received a message from his old home in Alabama. There had

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been a death in the family; an estate was to divide, and they called for him to come. Daylight found him in the buckboard, skimming the prairies for the station. It was two months before he returned. When he arrived at the ranch house, he found it wellnigh deserted save for Ylario, who acted as a kind of steward during his absence. Little by little the youth made him acquainted with the work done while he was away. The branding camp, he was informed, was still doing business. On account of many severe storms the cattle had been badly scattered, and the branding had been accomplished but slowly. The camp was now in the valley of the Guadalupe, twenty miles away.

"By the way," said Raidler, suddenly remembering, "that fellow I sent along with them—McGuire—is he working yet?"

"I not know," said Ylario. "Mans from the camp come verree few times to the ranch. So plentee work with the leetle calves. They no say. Oh, I think that fellow McGuire he dead much time ago."

"Dead!" said Raidler. "What you talking about?"

"Verree sick fellow, McGuire," replied Ylario, with a shrug of his shoulder. "I theenk he no live one, two month when he go away."

"Shucks!" said Raidler. "He humbugged you, too, did he? The doctor examined him and said he was sound as a mesquite knot."

"That doctor," said Ylario, smiling, "he tell you so? That doctor no see McGuire."

"Talk up," ordered Raidler. "What the devil do you mean?"

"McGuire," continued the boy tranquilly, "he getting drink water outside when that doctor come in room. That doctor take me and pound me all over here with his fingers"—putting his hand to his chest—"I not know for what. He put his ear here and here and here, and listen—I not know for what. He put little glass stick in my mouth. He feel my arm here. He make me count like whisper—so—twenty, *treinta*, *cuarenta* times. Who knows," concluded Ylario, with a deprecating spread of his hands, "for what that doctor do those verree droll and such-like things?"

"What horses are up?" asked Raidler shortly.

"Paisano is grazing but behind the little corral, *señor*."

"*Ensillamele, prontito.*"

Within a very few minutes the cattleman was mounted and away. Paisano, well named after that ungainly but swift-running bird, struck into his long lope that ate up the road like a strip of macaroni. In two hours and a quarter Raidler, from a gentle swell, saw the branding camp by a water hole in the Guadalupe. Sick with expectancy of the news he feared, he rode up, dismounted, and dropped Paisano's reins. So gentle was his heart that at that moment he would have pleaded guilty to the murder of McGuire.

The only being in the camp was the cook, who was just arranging the hunks of barbecued beef, and distributing the tin coffee cups for supper. Raidler evaded a direct question concerning the one subject in his mind.

"Everything all right in camp, Pete?" he managed to inquire.

"So, so," said Pete conservatively. "Grub give out twice. Wind scattered the cattle, and we've had to rake the brush for forty mile. I need a new coffee-pot. And the mosquitos is some more hellish than common."

"The boys—all well?"

Pete was no optimist. Besides, inquiries concerning the health of cow-punchers were not only superfluous, but bordered on flaccidity. It was not like the boss to make them.

"What's left of 'em don't miss no calls to grub," the cook conceded.

"What's left of 'em?" repeated Raidler in a husky voice. Mechanically he began to look around for McGuire's grave. He had in his mind a white slab such as he had seen in the Alabama church-yard. But immediately he knew that was foolish. Of course they would cover his grave with pear to keep the coyotes from it.

"Sure," said Pete; "what's left. Cow camps change in two months. Some's gone."

Raidler nerved himself.

"That—chap—I sent along—McGuire—did—he——"

"Say," interrupted Pete, rising with a chunk of corn bread in each hand, "that was a dirty shame, sending that poor, sick kid to a cow camp. A doctor that couldn't tell he was graveyard meat ought to be skinned with a cinch buckle. Game as he was, too—it's a scandal among snakes.

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Lemme tell you what he done. First night in camp the boys started to initiate him in the leather breeches degree. Ross Hargis busted him one swipe with his chaparreras, and what do you reckon the poor child did? Got up, the little skeeter, and licked Ross. Licked Ross Hargis. Licked him good. Hit him plenty and everywhere and hard. Ross'd just get up and pick out a fresh place to lay down on agin.

"Then that McGuire goes off there and lays down with his head in the grass and bleeds. A hem-ridge they calls it. He lays there eighteen hours by the watch, and they can't budge him. The grass is red all round him. Then Ross Hargis, who loves any man who can lick him, goes to work and damns the doctors from Greenland to Poland Chiny; and him and Green Branch Johnson they gets McGuire in a tent, and spells each other feedin' him chopped raw meat and whiskey.

"But it looks like the kid ain't got no appetite to git well, for they misses him from the tent in the night and finds him rootin' in the grass, and likewise a drizzle fallin'. 'G'wan,' he says, 'lemme go and die like I wanter. He said I was a liar and a fake'—McGuire says—'and I was playin' sick. Lemme alone.'

"Two weeks," went on the cook, "he laid around, not noticin' nobody, and then——"

A sudden thunder filled the air, and a score of galloping centaurs crashed through the brush into camp.

"Illustrious rattlesnakes!" exclaimed Pete, springing all ways at once; "here the boys come, and I'm an assassinated man if supper ain't ready in three minutes."

But Raidler saw only one thing. A little, brown-faced, grinning chap, springing from his saddle in the full light of the fire. McGuire was not like that, and yet——

In another instant the cattleman was holding him by the hand and shoulder.

"Son, son, how goes it?" was all he found to say.

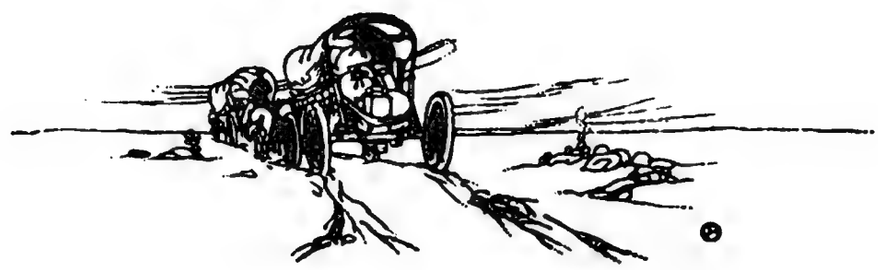
"Close to the ground, says you," shouted McGuire, crunching Raidler's fingers in a grip of steel; "and dat's where I found it—healt' and strengt', and tumbled to what a cheap skate I been actin'. T'anks fer kickin' me out, old man. And—say! the joke's on dat croaker, ain't it? I looked t'rough the window and see him playin' tag on dat Dago kid's solar plexus."

"You son of a tinker," growled the cattleman, "why'n't you talk up and say the doctor never examined you?"

"Aw—g'wan!" said McGuire, with a flash of his old asperity, "nobody can't bluff me. You never ast me. You made your spiel, and you t'rowed me out, and I let it go at dat. And, say, friend, dis chasin' cows is outer sight. Dis is de whitest bunch of sports I ever travelled with. You'll let me stay, won't yer, old man?"

Raidler looked wonderingly toward Ross Hargis.

"That cussed little runt," remarked Ross tenderly, "is the Jo-dartin'est hustler—and the hardest hitter in anybody's cow camp."



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COURAGE OR WHAT?

Some incidents of service in the Philippines and China

By O. K. DAVIS
Special Correspondent of THE SUN

BRAVERY, the word-analysts say, is a quality of the blood, courage of the mind. Both are illustrated by an incident that occurred in the early part of the Boxer troubles in China in the summer of 1900. The Boxers had surrounded the foreign settlements at Tientsin, and were besieging the white people there. A small force of Americans and Russians started from Tongku, at the mouth of the Pei River, to relieve the besieged. Just as they were nearing their goal they were met by an overwhelming force of Chinese and compelled to return. The country was flat as a floor and perfectly open, with here and there a mound marking the grave of some Chinese. The European force, less than six hundred all told, made the best fight they could in the face of the horde of Chinese who came against them, but they were compelled to leave some of their dead on the field.

The Americans had the rear-guard, the hardest position to maintain. One of their men was hit in the hip and completely disabled. Two officers, Harding and Butler, picked him up and started to carry him off. The day was blistering hot and there was no water. They had marched a long distance, and had been fighting for a long time. Officers and men were almost worn out. Harding and Butler got the wounded man on a few rods, and then put him down while they took rifles and tried to stand off the swarm that was pursuing. The retreating line got well ahead of them, and it seemed as if all would be lost. The wounded man understood the desperate situation, and begged the officers to kill him and get away themselves while there was still a chance. But they stuck to him and struggled on.

That was courage in the strictest definition. Stripped of all the glamour of gallantry, the ultimate analysis of that action reveals a mental balance which, in the face of all the excitement, remained calm and even; which, in spite of fatigue that had almost reached the crisis of exhaustion, in defiance of the terrible danger not only of death but of mutilation and defilement, was capable of the high resolve to dare and endure all for the slight chance of saving the wounded man. Courage can go no further.

Where did the bravery come in? It was furnished by some Russians, and there probably will not be wanting those who will say that this also was courage. Three or four of the white-coated "huskies" of the Czar, who had lagged behind their fellows in the retreat because the shooting was good, from their point of view, saw the predicament of the two marine officers and came over to join them. The Chinese were making a more reckless exposure of themselves than they had at any other time in the fight. It was a simple matter for a good marksman to drop his man with every shot, and the Russians were enjoying themselves in the business of killing. It was great sport for them—fatal to the Chinese, vital to the three Americans. It checked the onrush of the bloodthirsty Chinese, for even in their savagery they could not stand such punishment.

The Russians understood no language but their own, and the Americans could not talk with them. But the white coats made the marines understand that a little farther on there was a ditch where they could rest under cover. Then they made motions evidently intended to mean that they would stay for the shooting while the Americans went on. The ruins of a Chinese hut, near where they were, offered a little cover, and they took advantage of it. The two officers struggled on with their burden. When they looked back during a brief pause for rest,

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they saw the Russians still dropping the advancing Chinese from their place behind the ruined wall. They got to the ditch, rested a little, went on, and finally caught up with their own men. The wounded man was saved. The two officers looked back for their Russian friends, and saw that the Chinese had swarmed around the ruined hut. Whether the white coats got away or not they never could find out; probably not.

INSTANCES OF FATALISTIC BRAVERY.

PROBABLY most persons who read this will say, at first thought, that the conduct of the Russians was quite as courageous as that of the two marine officers; but consider whether there is not a great difference. No one who has seen him in action will have any wish to decry the Russian soldier's fighting quality. By his superb, die-in-the-last-ditch tenacity, his never-to-be-forgotten inclination to stay where he is ordered to stay, even in the face of overwhelming odds, he saved the settlements at Tientsin from wholesale butchery by the Chinese barbarians. They charged in frantic hordes up to his very line, and he put his back to the wall and stabbed them with his bayonet, or beat them down with his clubbed rifle, and held his position, the keystone of the safety of the white women and children penned up behind his line. It is simply in his blood to fight and to endure. He is but little developed from the half-savage hordes who peopled the first Siberia. He has no thought of the morrow, and he sets no store by life. He battles for the pure joy of it, and one cause is as good as another if it brings the clash of arms. No doubt it will be said that his tenacity in a position he has been ordered to hold is the result of the same sort of mental quality that actuated the two American officers, but it seemed to me watching him, that he stayed because he was not told to go away. He is a fatalist who believes that he will die when his time comes, here to-day or there to-morrow if it is willed that way, but, until the time does come, he will get what sport he can, and the letting of the blood of his enemies affords a rare opportunity. His is about the highest development of bravery.

There is something about the Japanese that is much like the Russian, although he thinks more for himself than his bulkier rival from the mainland. He, too, is a fatalist, and such men are dangerous to meet in the open field or behind fortifications. When his time comes to serve with the colors and there is war work to be done, he is likely to count his life as forfeit to his country. It is a bad thing for the individual, he will tell you, but it is necessary for the empire, and if the individual makes the empire possible, so, on the other hand, does the empire make the individual possible in his better development. The little lieutenant who lived just across the street from me in Tientsin said one day:

"I should be very happy to have you visit me in my home in Japan after this war is over, but I expect to be killed."

He was perfectly sincere and unaffected. His belief did not alter his attention to duty in the slightest. He went wherever he was ordered as gayly as if it were to a feast, no matter if the field was swept with bullets. When I saw him in Pekin a day or so after the legations had been relieved, he said simply:

"Perhaps I shall not be killed this time, after all."

Would you call it courage when such a man as that leads a little column against a stone wall, and, when he can't get over at first, sits down and waits until he can? He hasn't any conception of courage. He is brave, but with the bravery of a bulldog. There is more real courage in the old hen fluttering over her little chickens to protect them from the threatening hawk. If it were not for them she would flee fast enough from the danger. He is just the sort of man you would expect to do as the attaché did in the Philippines, take out his watch in the hottest part of a fight and count his pulse to see if the danger had accelerated it. That man was preparing to make a report to his government.

There are many stories about the "courage" of the Japanese, but when they are analyzed they resolve into the same elements. There was the chap who blew up the gate the night the walled city of Tientsin was taken. The engineers had laid a train of guncotton, but the fuse did not work properly. Three times it was laid, and as often it went out after it had been lighted. At last one little fellow, grown weary of the delay, went up to it and touched it off with a match and went up

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with the gate. It was superb bravery. If he had been an American it would have been superb courage, for to the last instant the American would have hoped to come out of it alive, but the Japanese had no such thought or care, you may be sure.

There you have the essential difference between courage and bravery, and between the American soldier and the Japanese or Russian. The Orientals, counting the Russian as an Oriental, are dangerous men to meet because they have no care for the result. How much more dangerous is the man who sees through to the end and discounts it all, yet goes ahead to the desperate finish !

On that terrible day at Tientsin when the open field was sown with bullets as a field is strewn thick with scattered wheat in seedtime, two little Japanese stretcher-bearers, in their dark blue coats and white caps, targets for all the world to mark, tramped about picking up their wounded as unconscious of danger as if they were stone deaf and never heard the whistle of a bullet. Time and again it seemed as if the Chinese on the wall were concentrating their fire on the stretcher-men. The bullets spattered about them wherever they went, but they kept along as if it were only drill. Such work as this wins the Victoria cross.

The fighting with the Filipinos gave many opportunities for the exhibition by our men of those soldierly qualities which, in the general careless observation, are called bravery and courage. There was a conspicuous example at the town of Vigan in the northern part of Luzon. There had been an attack in the night by a large force of Filipinos upon the small detachment of Americans guarding a hospital and some commissary and ordnance stores. The American force was too small to undertake to patrol the whole town effectively, and so guards had been stationed only at the corners of the public square, with a few small outposts at some of the points farther out, where it might be possible for the enemy to bring men into the place.

The hospital and storehouses were in buildings on one side of the square next to the church and convent. The Filipinos belonged to the command of one of the most determined and efficient of their generals. They watched their opportunity and succeeded in getting around our outposts in great numbers. We had eighty-three men able to do duty and one hundred and fifty-four in the hospital. The Filipinos were nearly a thousand. The fight began soon after midnight, when one of our outposts discovered what the enemy was trying to do. At once all the men in the hospital who were strong enough to leave their beds, took rifles, and from the windows of the building gave what assistance they could to their comrades in the square.

The fighting continued until shortly after daylight, when the insurgents were driven off. After it was over, two of the soldiers, who had already borne a man's full part in the work of the night, were walking along a high stone wall that ran around one of the buildings near the church, when one of them, Private Epps, heard a little noise on the other side which excited his suspicion. He was from Texas, where they act quickly in such emergencies. He did not wait to call for help from some of his fellows, but jumped on top of the wall alone. Huddled in a corner were seventeen insurgent soldiers in uniform and all armed. Instantly the American pointed his rifle at the bunch and ordered them to surrender. The Filipinos hesitated, and Epps called to the man with him as if he were a company, to climb up, and then repeated his demand that the insurgents surrender. The other man began to beat on the heavy gate, and the Filipinos gave up. One by one Epps made them put down their rifles and stand aside where they could not get them again. The commotion finally attracted the attention of some of the other men, who came to the assistance of Epps and his comrade, and all seventeen of the insurgents, with the nineteen rifles they had, were brought in. When his captain asked Epps how he had done it, he replied:

"Why, Captain, I had the drop on them."

Now, however brave that might have been, it was not an exhibition of any great courage. It was simply matter of fact. It was race instinct. It was done by the same sort of subconscious impulse that would have caused his eyelid to drop if a mosquito had buzzed too close in the dark. If he had been walking along a paved street and come to a break he would have accommodated his step to the lower grade without a thought about it. Instead of the lower grade he heard a noise and investigated, found the Filipinos, and took them, all in the same motion.

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AN EXHIBITION OF TRUE COURAGE.

TO see clearly the difference, compare this action with what another man had been doing from the time the fight began until the flight of the insurgents. On the north side of the square there was a low stone coping. It was scalloped at the top, with the highest points six or eight feet apart, eight inches high at the lowest points, and twice that at the highest. Thirty-five or forty yards directly in front of it was a stone wall behind which the Filipinos had taken position in considerable force. Private McConnell was one of eight Americans who were posted behind the coping in front of the Filipino position. Each man was using one of the highest points of the coping for his protection. The insurgents maintained a very heavy fire at them from their point-blank range of but little more than the width of an ordinary street. The Americans steadily answered it, watching for the flash of the Filipino rifles to guide their shooting.

McConnell noticed after a while that his comrade on the left had stopped shooting, and called to him. There was no response, but he was not sure that he could have heard above the roar of the fight if there had been one. So he rolled over to see for himself and found the man dead. He fired a few times from that position to fool the insurgents, and then, taking the dead man's ammunition, got back to his own place. After a while the man on his right was hit also, and he repeated his action. His rifle was hit in his hands and smashed, so he took that of one of the dead men. He got a bullet through his hat, and two or three in different parts of his clothing, but none damaged him. He knew that if the Filipinos ever got past that point they would be in position to rush the hospital, and he meant that if they did it would be literally over his dead body.

From the noise behind and at each side of him McConnell knew that the fight was general, and that his men were holding their own all along the line. Reënforcements would come to his squad if it were possible to get them up, and if they didn't come he meant to stick it out to the end. He did not know that ten men had tried to reach him, and that four of them had been killed in as many yards. Daylight came and found him and two others, all that were left of the eight, still behind the coping, pegging away, with a pile of more than two hundred empty cartridge-shells beside each man. Then the Filipinos ran, and the three Americans got up and went off to help somewhere else. That was an exhibition of as sublime courage as ever will be shown.

COURAGE VERSUS BRAVERY.

STORIES of gallant exposure, risk of life for good reason or bad, heroic work of one sort or another, may be multiplied almost without end from incidents in the service of our men in the Philippine insurrection. Several times it was my fortune to be with a command some member or members of which had opportunity to demonstrate their worth and ability. The possession of the quality of heart and mind which makes men stand to their work, however dangerous it may be, is so common among our soldiers that in an experience with troops in the field covering more or less completely a period of upward of two years I have seen no conspicuous case of its lack. It is the very commonness of it that makes it so matter of fact. Praise-compelling battle-field courage, valor that wins honor on the field of fight, has by tradition an extraordinary quality which somehow does not seem to be met when the whole army shows such willingness in action as has been shown by our men in recent years. It may be that the equalization has been reached by averaging up instead of down. No man may justly decry in any way the fighting grit of the American soldier. Whatever else he may do, he is not afraid, and he fights with terrible energy and earnestness.

The hardest fight at which the lamented General Lawton commanded in the Philippines was at the River Zapote, a dozen miles south of Manila. It was a traditional battle-ground of the Filipinos. There they had won their greatest triumphs from the Spaniards. They had taken a solemn oath on the crucifix that they would never leave the field alive. They were in a well-constructed trench behind a parapet fifteen feet broad, and protected by a stream thirty or forty yards wide and ten or fifteen feet deep. The one bridge had been destroyed by fire. The fight began about nine o'clock in the morning, and continued until about five in the afternoon before the insurgents were finally driven back.

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In the middle of the afternoon I was lying behind a hummock of dirt beside the road that led to the bridge. I had gone in with a battery that was working up the road, and it had got sufficiently hot for me to start the long train of speculation which every correspondent knows who has been under fire, about the value to his paper of a dead man and the trouble a wounded one makes. Unlike the Japanese attaché I needed no watch to tell that my pulse was accelerated, and I was more or less attentively engaged on an interesting psychological problem, a subjective analysis of fear, when a big blue-shirted soldier came along and threw himself down behind my little hummock. Two conflicting emotions at once possessed me. I was glad to have company. I said to myself, "Here is a soldier who is scared; you are not the only one." Then I was disturbed because the hummock was so small and the bullets seemed to be so thick, and so many of them directed at our shelter. Several times leaves had been clipped from the acacia bush that crowned the hummock, and there was ceasing to be anything interesting about the experience. I thought it queer that the soldier who was crowding me had no rifle, and was about to put it down to his complete demoralization when something happened that made me change my mind about him.

The battery was in action in the road just a few feet ahead of where we were lying. Suddenly one of the men was hit in the thigh and fell beside the road. There was an instantaneous and tremendous transformation in my frightened soldier behind the hummock. He jumped up and ran toward the wounded man as fast as he could go, and I saw that he had no ammunition belt, and the pockets of his blue shirt were bulging with first-aid packages. He was a hospital corps man, and not only had a right to take cover when he could, but morally was bound to do so. He picked up the wounded batteryman and carried him to where there was a little cover behind a small mound of dirt. There he ripped open a trouser leg in a jiffy, and before the wounded man could tell who he was the hospital corps man had a tourniquet on his leg above the wound.

Then he laid the artilleryman down behind the mound and stood up in the road, regardless of the heavy fire that was sweeping down it, and began to sing out for stretcher-bearers. Behind a rice-dike, fifty yards down the field, were a lot of Chinese coolies who had been hired to serve as stretcher-men. The hospital man shouted to them to come on and get his wounded friend. They hesitated. It was manifestly too hot for them. The hospital man walked down the road toward them a little way and unfolded a string of imprecations, objurgations, and commands that would have moved the head and legs of a stone man. The Chinese obeyed, overcome by the pure power of anathema, and trotted up to the wounded man. They got him on the stretcher quickly and went off down the road at a run, hurried on by the matchless language of the man I had thought to be frightened, who stood there grinning to see them go. When they turned the bend and were lost to sight, he thrust his hands in his pockets and went whistling up the road at a walk, following the battery, which had gone on a few rods.

THE NEAT LITTLE MAN IN KHAKI.

AS I was trying to make up my mind that it was better to go on also than to lie where I was, I saw what caused me to change my opinion of another man. In the morning, before the action was at such close range as the work of the afternoon developed, the battery was posted in a slightly advanced position to reply to some insurgent guns which were firing at us from a position in the trees half a mile ahead. Four of our guns stood out in the open with no protection. The Filipinos were using a huge iron smoothbore taken from the old Spanish arsenal at Cavite. They were shooting tin cans filled with rusty iron balls an inch or so in diameter, and propelled by small charges of black powder. There was not much force behind the projectile, but it was accompanied by the most soul-shaking, blood-curdling, inhuman combination of shrieks, groans, yells, screams, and howls, the most nerve-wracking and indescribable confusion of sounds that ever disgraced a battle-field. This thing left the gun at such a low velocity that the noise of its coming preceded its approach, and if it had not so filled the air with its tumult that one could not tell where it was, it would have been easy to dodge.

While this was going on one of the batterymen was hit, and word was sent back

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to the outpost a few yards away for a surgeon. The doctor who responded was a neat little man, dressed in faultless khaki, and wearing a large khaki-covered helmet, with a long sun-guard of the same material flapping in his neck. As he came out into the open behind the battery the Filipinos fired their smoothbore. It certainly sounded as if the dreadful tin can full of balls was bound on a direct hunt for that doctor. He stopped, hesitated an instant, then threw up both hands and went forward flat on his face in the grass, and half the men who saw it laughed.

"He ought to be in the hospital," said a man who was with me, "and let somebody who isn't afraid go into the field. This is no place for a man who can't stand the gaff better than that."

The doctor got up and went on to the battery, dressed the wound, and helped the man back to the outpost where the ambulance could pick him up. Now in the hottest part of the afternoon I saw that same doctor again. Word had come over from the extreme left that an officer had been hit there, and a surgeon was wanted at once. The neat little man in khaki responded. To my amazement he took his pony. Within a hundred and fifty yards of the Filipino position, and in plain sight of their line, he rode across the open field paying no more attention to their fire than if he could not hear it. He dressed the officer's broken arm, got on his pony, and started back. Half-way across the field he saw a man lying behind a rice-dike. He got off his pony and examined the man, who was wounded. He went about the work of dressing the wound as coolly as he would have done it in the hospital, and I expected every instant to see him hit. When it was finished he got the man comfortably under cover behind the rice-dike, jumped on his pony and came on, the huge khaki sun-guard flapping behind him, a perfect invitation to any insurgent to shoot him. A little farther on he saw another man lying in the field and stopped again. This time when he dismounted he simply put one hand on the soldier, and it was apparent that the man was dead, for the doctor immediately remounted and came on at a gallop. After that I was inclined to believe that he had stubbed his toe when he fell in the morning before the Filipinos' awful smoothbore shrapnel.

GENERAL LAWTON AT THE FRONT AND IN THE REAR.

GENERAL WHEATON demands a condition of bravery that many men will say is not essential. There was a discussion in his mess one evening after dinner which turned upon the Filipinos and their fighting qualities. Lines were drawn pretty sharply, and the discussion took on a rather earnest tone, arguments being made with considerable emphasis. At last one of those present, in an effort to mollify the general's asperity, said:

"Well, General, you will at least admit that the Filipinos are brave."

The general jumped to his feet and pounded the table with his fist.

"Brave!" he exclaimed. "Brave! They're hounds! They're hounds! They won't stand up to be shot!"

The name of Lawton is synonymous with all that is courageous, brave, and gallant. His career was full of daring achievements, and the last year of his life, spent in the Philippines, was especially active. He told me, not long before he was killed, that he had been in more danger in the Philippines than in all the rest of his army life. On several occasions I had opportunity to observe his bearing under fire, and it was always the same. He was in command of an expedition that marched through the province of Cavite, below Manila in the summer after the breaking out of the insurrection. It was the expedition that led to the fight at the Zapote. On the afternoon of a terrible, sweltering day, the column was making desperate efforts to get across below Las Piñas to the road and the bay shore, to cut off the retreat of the insurgents. Lawton was riding with his staff in the lead. A troop of cavalry was ahead as advance guard, but headquarters was only fifty yards or so behind. I was one of three correspondents riding with headquarters. We crossed a small brackish stream, by a ford that was partly concealed by bushes, and came out into an open plain. At the right, perhaps three hundred yards away, there was a line of trees that indicated the presence of a larger stream. Beyond it there was a little cluster of native huts, with a white flag in every window. As we got well out in the open the general turned to one of his staff and said:

"There are no insurgents here. They

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never dare to put up white flags as long as the insurgents are around."

Almost while he was speaking the Filipinos opened a heavy fire on us from a trench concealed by the brush on the other side of the stream. With the first volley there was the quickest and most simultaneous movement to dismount that was possible. Every man was off his horse in a second, it seemed, save Lawton. The cavalry horseholders were running back with their horses, and staff officers and correspondents were getting out of the way as fast as they could. But Lawton sat where he was, craning his neck and trying to make out where the enemy was posted. He was nearly six feet four inches tall. He wore a linen uniform that had faded almost white, and on his head he had a huge white helmet. He was riding a black horse that stood sixteen hands high. Never in all the fighting did the Filipinos have such a mark, and they knew he was the commander. He stayed there until he was in the way of his own men going into action, and then came slowly back, but not entirely out of range. When he stopped he took off his big helmet and looked it over curiously, as if it had just occurred to him that it might be a good target.

That was Lawton's way. His friends remonstrated with him again and again, and he repeatedly promised to take care of himself, but he simply could not stay behind when there was fighting going on. If any one shot at him he had to find out who it was and where it came from. In the hottest part of the fight at the Zapote he walked up the road with one of his staff, and stood talking to General Ovenshine for a few minutes, not seventy-five yards from the Filipino line. He was still wearing the big white helmet. The men lying in the road looked at him in amazement, expecting every instant to see him hit. The staff officer, Captain Sewell, walked away a few steps to avoid "bunching," but Lawton acted as if he did not know that any shooting was going on. He stood chewing a straw and facing the front. Ovenshine stood partly before him, with his hands on his hips and his back to the enemy, perfectly unconcerned. When the conference was over Ovenshine squatted down on his heels again, and Lawton and Sewell turned and walked at a moderate pace down the road.

Some time later General Lawton commanded an expedition through the country north of Manila. This time he let General Young take the advance and he stayed behind, looking after his communications and directing the work at the front. When he came back to Manila after the rush was over he said to one of his friends:

"Here I've been for six weeks, feeling like a confounded fool, playing the major-general."

SWIMMING INTO THE SPANISH LINES.

FUNSTON'S last exploit in the Philippines is too recent to have faded from memory, and Bell's exploits have been too numerous to need elaboration. His first noteworthy performance before Manila was characteristic of Bell, and has been repeated in essence many times since the fighting with the Filipinos began. The Americans at that time were facing the Spaniards. Our trench was a little less than nine hundred yards from the old stone fort just at the southern outskirts of Manila. Both lines rested on the bay. It was desirable to find out something of the Spanish position, and Bell undertook to do it. He went into the bay and swam clear up behind the fort, well inside the Spanish lines. The Spaniards discovered him and sent a platoon of men up on top of the fort to shoot him, but he ducked and swam and got away unhurt, with valuable information.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BAMBOO AND A STONE WALL.

SURROUNDINGS have much to do with the display of intrepidity. Men do things in company that they would not do alone. No requirement of active military service demands such faithful and courageous performance of full duty as guard and outpost work in the field. It is no play to stand night watch in a typhoon, as many of our men in the Philippines have had to do. There is plenty of time to think at such work. The quality of mind which plays such an important part in courage has full scope. Men who could meet every test in daylight and dry weather are liable to be overstrained under such circumstances.

Fancied security will sometimes serve as well as though it were real. There was a

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little expedition from San Fernando, north of Manila, against the town of Porac which the Filipinos were holding. Two correspondents accompanied it. Both represented Chicago papers, and both had been under fire all that they thought was necessary to establish their status as war correspondents. There had been three of them, but Tom stayed in town and let Dick and Harry go to the front. It happened that the fight did not begin where it had been expected, and the two newspaper men found themselves in a very awkward position. Bullets were singing around in what they were sure was very close proximity to their heads. While they were looking for a good safe place they ran across what looked like a stone wall, and promptly got down behind it. When they had recovered their breath Harry said to Dick:

"A stone wall is a great thing in a strange land, Dick."

Dick responded with what was intended to be an eloquent apostrophe to the wall. "O glorious stone wall!" he began. "Preserver of life!" he continued, waving his hand toward the wall. "Protector of the—" his hand touched the wall, and he leaped up as if he had been shot. "My God, Harry," he shouted, "it's bamboo!"

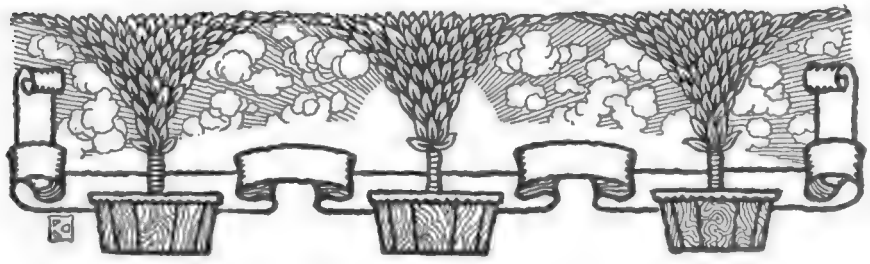
That night they called at headquarters in town and learned how the fight came out.

THE LOVE OF FIGHTING IS NOT COURAGE.

VIGAN, Zapote, the Tilad Pass, Batac, Catubig, Cagayan, and a string of others are all names that recall incidents of daring that stir even sluggish blood. It was at Vigan that Sergeant Spencer of B Company, Thirty-third United States Volunteers, showed the stuff of which they make men in Texas. He was one of ten men who tried to rush a position held by scores of the insurgents. Four of the ten were dropped almost at the first fire. Spencer was one of the four, and he was mortally wounded. When the rest of the party fell back Spencer could not keep up. His comrades got under cover about twenty yards in rear of where he lay, and then discovered that he was not with them. They called out to him to get out of the way so that they could open fire, and he replied, "I can't. I'm hurt." Then he realized what the situation was, and tried to crawl out of the line of fire. He made about twenty feet in a direction that would have put him out of the way in a little more, but he couldn't go on. "I can't make it," he called out to his comrades. Then he turned around and emptied his magazine at the insurgents. A minute later he was dead.

Every regiment that has served in the Philippines has plenty of such men. All they wanted was the opportunity. The catalogue of their names would read like a muster roll.

Facing death by bullets seems to be accepted as the highest form of courage. As a matter of fact, some men like it. There is an excitement about it for them that is merely invigorating. Incidents occur by the score where men, who would be frightened to death in a battle, face moral crises which would floor the fellows whose gallantry they envy so greatly. The difference is largely in the spectacle. Where there is the gallery to applaud, there is fame. The quality of the blood that makes men enjoy a fight is a common thing. The quality of mind that is the foundation and the superstructure of personal uprightness is harder to find, although perhaps less glorious.



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THE NEW MEDICAL SCIENCE OF PREVENTION.

By Thomas L. Stedman, M.D.

IT is told of the Chinese race, as instancing their barbaric naïveté, that they pay their physicians only while they are in a condition of perfect health; but that as soon as a mandarin falls ill he promptly orders his medical man bastinadoed daily until recovery sets in. In our superior Western way we have all smiled at the child-like simplicity of this very Oriental view of things. Nevertheless, in this scientific and material twentieth century of ours, we seem to be disposed in a great measure to adopt the Chinese point of view. We do not yet go so far as to physically assault our doctors when we fall ill, but the more intelligent among us do increasingly question the necessity of falling ill in many instances; while as to the doctors themselves, the whole trend of modern medical science is in the direction of prevention rather than cure.

The modern medical man is no longer only a healer; he must also be a sanitarian. It is to the study of preventive medicine rather than to the study of therapeutics—or curative medicine—that the scientific physician of our time devotes himself with enthusiasm and confident hope.

It may be urged that the study of bacteriology, that is to say, of the underlying causes of infectious disease, controverts this statement; for the practical outcome of this study is the discovery and perfecting of specific serums or antitoxins such as are used in the cure of diphtheria and other contagious diseases. But hand in hand with this search for the serums that are to cure disease, goes the equally ardent and interested preparation of vaccines or serums given to prevent the development of a disease to which there has been exposure. In fact, though medical science has always said that prevention is better than cure, it is only now beginning to act as though it really thought so.

Now all this new research has brought about the disclosure of another truth which is of vital import not only to the doctors but to the public at large. It has demonstrated that germs are not the sole factors in the production of infectious disease, but that, as in the case of other plants (most known disease-producing microbes belong to the vegetable world), a receptive soil is essential to the growth of the germ. Bacteria—many of them of the varieties known to excite diphtheria, consumption, pneumonia, typhoid fever, tetanus, and other serious and often fatal maladies—are constantly in us and about us, in our mouths and nostrils, in our intestines, in the food we eat, the water we drink, and the air we breathe; and if their mere presence were enough to cause disease the world would long since have been depopulated. But in the physical as in the moral world, right *is* might, and Nature does not deliver us over bound to our enemies.

The human body may be compared to a beleaguered fortress, manned by an efficient army; while the bacteria may be likened to the besieging hosts. Let us rest upon our metaphor for a moment. The blood is our army of defense. As long as that is in good condition and properly distributed about the ramparts, no breach can be made in the walls, and the citadel is secure. This brings up the great question: What part have *we* to perform in this tremendous and never ceasing antagonism. Here is a chance for generalship indeed, when every drop of blood is a private soldier clad in the scarlet uniform of the King of Health; when every breath we draw may be a traitor, and every mouthful we swallow a spy! The invading hosts camp eternally before the fort, waiting for some moment of weakness that shall invite their attack. *They* know when the soldiers are carousing—*we* may call it indigestion; *they* know when the sentries sleep—*we* call it a chill. A breach is made and in they rush—the hideous hosts of disease. It is to be a hand-to-hand fight now, and soon the bright flag of health is torn down and the dull white flag of sickness takes its place.

THE REAL VALUE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

It is then eminently worth our while to keep in good working order. Our best hope for health comes not from without but from within; from building up and keeping perfect the resistant powers of our own systems. It

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is the appreciation of this fact that has in large measure given so great an impetus to the practice of physical culture, the recent remarkable development of which is a phenomenon that has attracted the attention of sanitarians and physicians everywhere. By physical culture is meant the adaptation of various forms of exercise, bathing, dieting, etc., to the special needs of the body; to increase the natural vigor of the organism and maintain it in a state of well-being whereby it may better resist the onslaughts of disease.

Bodily exercise is no new thing, for the ancients practised it, more systematically perhaps than do we. Indeed, all peoples, upon emerging from barbarism and turning to the less active arts of civilized life, have felt the need of athletic sports and systematized physical exercises to take the place of the marauding and hunting of their former savage mode of existence. But the present-day advocates of physical culture go beyond this and are apparently attempting to form it into a system of medicine more or less antagonistic to the established schools of practice. Instead of regarding it merely as a means of preserving health, they claim that it will also cure all or most forms of disease. The good done in appropriate cases by systematic muscle movements and by hydropathic treatment—measures utilized by all progressive physicians—is recognized by these apostles of the new departure; and the illogical conclusion is jumped to that what is beneficial in one case must be so in all; and so is born a new school of practice which would regard all disease as proceeding from a single cause, and therefore amenable to a single form of treatment.

One man sees certain symptoms ameliorated by the external application of water: he cries "Eureka, I have the panacea!" and the Kneipp system is proclaimed to the world. Another has been a victim to dyspepsia and has lost flesh and strength in consequence; after running the gauntlet of diet and drugs without relief, in despair he gives up everything but a little uncooked cereal; the stomach gets the rest it has long been crying for, the man begins to get well, and then he publishes the doctrine that raw food is essential to health; for heat, he claims, destroys the protoplasm. Still another has been leading a sedentary life, sitting at his desk all day long, eating three hearty meals, and taking little or no exercise; his physician persuaded him to eat less, drink more water to carry off the waste that was clogging his system, walk in the open air, and exercise systematically morning and evening in his room; the man got well and became a professor of physical culture, proclaiming it as a universal cure and prescribing it for all alike —for those with strong hearts and those with weak hearts; those with tough, elastic arteries, and those with brittle pipestems already on the point of breaking.

And so it goes on. All these men get a following; some of their patients are benefited and write glowing certificates which are published far and wide; others are made worse or even killed—their certificates are never printed. It is sometimes claimed that these amateur practitioners, self-styled professors of hydropathy, osteopathy, naturopathy, vitapathy, somatopathy, and the like, do good, and therefore should be tolerated. "Since they abstain from drugs, which they do not understand," says one apologist, "they do no harm, and their advocacy of physical exercise frequently results in good." But he forgets that this very abstention from drugs may lose a confiding client his life; while the physical exercise, which undoubtedly does good in suitable cases, may be fatal when wrongly used.

EFFECT OF EXERCISE ON THE BODY.

The blood is the vital fluid through which all the processes of life are made possible. It carries food, drink and air to every part and tissue of the body, and removes the carbonic acid and other waste products, the retention of which would be fatal in a very short time, and the slow removal of which always means impaired health. In order to discharge this double function of providing nourishment and of scavenging, not only must the blood itself be healthy, but it must be able to reach fully, and in normal amount, all parts of the body; that is to say, the pump which drives it, the heart, and the conduits which distribute it, the arteries, must be equal to their task. Both the heart and the arteries are composed of muscular tissue; the heart is pure muscle, and the most important element in the structure of the arterial walls is the muscular layer, upon the integrity of which depends the efficient action of the artery as a blood-conducting tube. The smallest vessels, the capillaries, and the veins, which have little or no muscular tissue in the walls, lie buried for the most part

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in the fleshy parts of the body, so that the passage of blood through them is favored by the contraction of the muscles. When a muscle contracts it compresses the veins and squeezes the blood out of them, and owing to the presence of valves the blood is unable to flow backward, and is therefore pushed onward toward the heart.

We see, therefore, the importance of muscular tissue, for while life cannot exist without the blood, neither can it endure unless the blood is in constant circulation; which would be impossible without muscular action. But muscular exercise not only facilitates the flow of blood through the arteries and veins; it also, by compressing the capillaries, offers an impediment to the circulation, and this in itself stimulates the heart and arterial walls to increased action. This in turn induces greater waste and more rapid removal of the muscle cells. The old cells are discarded and new ones take their place, with the result that there is never a jaded heart struggling with a heavier task than it is fitted to cope with, but always one in the flush of vigor and youth. This regeneration takes place, of course, in the muscles of the body which are being exercised directly, as well as in that part of the heart which, as just explained, feels the indirect effects of the exercise.

This regeneration, moreover, is not confined to the muscles, for every tissue and organ of the body feels the invigorating influence of the more rapid circulation. The blood itself is purer and cleaner, for the muscular exercise induces more rapid and deeper respiration, and so a greater amount of oxygen is brought in contact with the blood. The whole body is thus placed in the best possible condition to resist the invasion of disease, for the tissues are young, the nutritive processes are active, waste is promptly removed, so there is no clogging by the excretions, and vitality is at its acme. The garrison of the beleaguered citadel is drilled to its highest point of efficiency, and the enemy must attack in overwhelming force if it is to make a breach in the walls or effect a permanent lodgment.

So long as the amount of exercise taken is enough and not too much, the formation of new cells keeps even pace with the removal of the worn-out ones; and the muscles, including the heart muscle, are freshened and kept hard and in the best condition for service, but do not increase in size. When however, we increase the amount of exercise a greater call is made upon the muscles, and to meet the enlarged need new cells are rapidly formed and the muscle grows bigger. When this is carried beyond a certain point the muscles, including the heart, become too large and powerful for any possible needs of the individual, and then the danger line is reached. The ordinary man who is not a blacksmith, or a stevedore, or a professional athlete, has no use for great, hard, knotty muscles, and if he once foolishly cultivates them he is no longer master of himself, but the slave of his overdevelopment. His big, strong biceps, the hillocks of chest muscle, and his enlarged heart must be kept in constant training, or else they degenerate and become streaked with fat, which maintains the bulk but takes away the strength. Such a man may be the picture of robust health and look and feel in perfect condition so long as he keeps in constant training, but if he gives it up suddenly, or is stopped by an accident which condemns him to inactivity, such as a fractured bone, his heart and his arteries grow fatty and weak. In that case he is a broken man for the rest of his life, unless luckily he falls into the hands of a wise medical counsellor, who knows the peril he is in and how to rescue him from it.

If, after a period of disuse, the heart and other muscles are suddenly put to the same strain as before, they will fail—and the man will be fortunate if it is the body muscles that give out rather than the heart. A man in training who is about to give up his athletics must get out of training very gradually, so the muscles and the heart may have a chance to accommodate themselves to the lessened needs of the organism. This they will do by a reduced activity of cell production, whereby the worn-out cells are not all replaced by new ones, the tissues becoming smaller in exact reversal of the manner in which they formerly grew bigger. But when the exercise is stopped suddenly the cells are not worn out legitimately, and having nothing to do they simply degenerate into fat globules. So, also, upon getting back into condition after a sudden enforced illness, one must proceed very gradually, giving the organism each day just a sufficient stimulus to awaken it to new life, to induce it to clean up the muscles, and replace their old, broken-down and fatty cells little by little with young ones fit to do the work which they are to be called upon to perform.

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THE SYSTEMATIC APPLICATION OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

The latter-day development of physical culture as applied to prevention and cure of disease was originated by, or perhaps we should say received its greatest impetus from, Ling, a Swede, who introduced the method now known as "Swedish movements," which is the basis of most of the systems of physical culture so widely taught now in this country. Physical methods were at first employed almost solely in overcoming deformities and the development of a symmetrical body; they are now used also as aids in the correction of certain inherited or congenital tendencies to disease, as well as in the cure of already established morbid conditions.

All men are not born equal; they come into the world with the most varied and diverse equipment—mental, moral, and physical. Some are richly endowed with a capital of health that places them at once in the rank of the hygienic millionaires; others come with a good average inheritance of stamina which puts them among the sanitary well-to-do; still others, suffering for the misdeeds or the misfortunes of their forbears, seem doomed to a life of sickness or an early death—veritable paupers of the physical world. These latter inherit from their parents, or maybe their grandparents, instead of a fortune, a load of hereditary debt—a proneness to gouty or rheumatic troubles, poor digestive powers, a weak circulation, a tendency to lay on flesh, or a delicacy of constitution and feeble resisting powers which mark them as recruits for the great army of consumptives. The old notion of congenital disease—that is, of disease already present in the body of the child at birth, is, except in the case of a few constitutional maladies, no longer held by the majority of physicians. In the case of tuberculosis, for example, it is not the actual disease that is inherited, but a predisposition to it; the tissues are vulnerable and present a soil already prepared for the development of the seeds of consumption as soon as they are implanted there. The powers of resistance are reduced; the fortress is poorly manned, and the half-starved garrison is in no mood for repulsing the invasion of a powerful foe; but that foe has not yet actually made a breach in the walls, and if reinforcements can be brought up in time the citadel may yet be saved.

It is in such cases that some of the greatest triumphs of physical culture are achieved. Feeding, bathing, deep breathing and muscular exercises are the forces that will save the weakling from his threatened doom; that will alter his constitution and overcome his tendency to pulmonary disease. The narrow chest can be expanded, the pits behind the collar bones can be filled up, the irritable throat can be toughened, and the fatal proneness to catarrhal troubles and winter coughs can often be removed by purely physical measures, without a drop of pectoral medicines.

THE PERNICIOUS HABIT OF SELF-DRUGGING.

Perhaps the greatest foe to the health of the present generation is the pernicious habit of self-drugging. Nerve tonics, blood purifiers, sleep producers, and especially laxatives, are consumed by the gallon and the hundredweight. The primary effect of any of these poisonous mixtures is seemingly good; the nervous fidgets, the "tired feeling," the insomnia or the constipation is promptly relieved by the first few doses. Naturally, when the symptoms return, as they are bound to do, the sufferer turns again to the bottle or the pill-box. Again he gets relief, and again he is driven back to his drug, taking larger and larger doses as the habit is forming, until at last the fetters are forged and a new "drug fiend" is created. It is cheaper than calling in a doctor, and is less trouble than systematic exercise; but how many could be saved from this bondage, and how many slaves could be freed by rational physical culture, only the physician who knows the prevalence of this evil can guess.

The nervous, the sleepless and the neurasthenic are of all persons the last who should seek relief from drugs or from alcohol. Their very disease predisposes them to drug addiction, and once having experienced the lethe which drugs may bring, only the most heroic exhibition of will power—which, alas! they have not—can save them from thralldom. And yet these shattered nerves are calling only for rich red blood, for pure air, good food, and the healthful stimulus, without reaction, of the bath. The rest cure for some, active exercise for others, will bring the reality of health, which drugging can only for a brief moment simulate.

Dyspepsia and constipation, when due to lack of muscular tone in the walls of the

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stomach and intestines, or to deficient secretion of the digestive juices, or to a sluggish liver, are often miraculously relieved by properly directed physical exercises. The overfat, also, are good subjects for "reduction cures" by dieting and exercise, and so are the gouty and those suffering in other ways from what is called, rightly or wrongly, the "uric-acid diathesis."

THE PROPER REGULATION OF EXERCISE.

This list of diseases and tendencies to disease, in which treatment by physical means is preferable because more efficacious than drug-giving, might easily be extended; but enough has been said to show the important position held by physical culture methods in modern medical practice. A word of caution is necessary, however. A wise man, when ill, does not try to cure himself—though he may dearly love to prescribe for the dyspepsias, the colds or the neuralgias of his friends—but seeks the aid of a trusted physician. He feels there is something mysterious in the way medicines act, and fears that in his ignorance he may blunderingly do himself harm rather than good by self-prescribing. But exercise, dieting, bathing—these, he thinks, are so simple that any one can use them without the trouble of consulting a doctor. And here his wisdom forsakes him. The action of these physical remedies is just as complex, just as productive of good when properly directed, and just as certain to do harm when wrongly applied as is the working of drugs in the system.

Take, for example, the case of a man who is burdened with overweight. He thinks, and thinks rightly, that by dieting and exercise he can reduce his flesh, but he is ignorant of the fact that he can ruin his constitution or kill himself by these same simple means. The subject of nutrition of the animal body is not so simple as that of shovelling coal into a furnace to make steam; but even stoking cannot be satisfactorily done by the untaught, and how much less can one expect to get good results from dieting when ignorant of the workings of the human machine! That one man's food is another man's poison is one of the sayings we glibly repeat but seldom appreciate. It is not disease in general that a wise physician treats, but the particular form of disease in the individual; it is the patient, his constitution, his tendencies to physical ills, his idiosyncrasies in reacting to particular remedies, either physical or medicinal, that must be treated, and not simply obesity, or gout, or neurasthenia.

An ill-advised diet may then do harm to the corpulent, but ill-advised exercises may be infinitely worse in their consequences. In obesity the fat is not on the surface alone; it is deposited in the substance of the muscles and about the organs, and the heart suffers for both reasons; being a muscle, it is infiltrated with fat and thereby weakened, and, being an organ, it is surrounded with an envelope of fat which grips it and hampers its free play. A sudden strain, or one too severe for its diminished powers, may be fatal to it; the task of pumping the blood in greater volume through the inelastic arteries and the fat-choked tissues is too great for its strength, and in despair it stops. By properly regulated and graduated exercise this fatty heart might have been enabled to throw off its burden and renew its damaged tissues, and its return to health would have kept pace with that of the general organism. But if the foolish possessor of such a heart starts in to starve and whip and spur it to his will with such apparently simple means as diet and exercise, the verdict should be brought in "*felo de se.*"

Physical culture is one of the best of the weapons to be utilized by the physician in his struggle with physical shortcomings. It is not a weapon to put into the hands of those uninstructed in physiology and in the natural history of derangements of the human frame. By this we do not mean that no one should swing a club or raise a dumb-bell without a doctor's prescription—as well might one consult his physician before each meal.

But we do mean that before taking up any systematized course of physical culture, whether as a young man training for athletics, or as a middle-aged one to correct a tendency to flesh or gout or neurasthenia, or at any age with the object of curing actually present disease, one should be examined by a physician—one who knows the effects of physical methods. Then, should there exist a condition of actual disease to be combatted, the whole course ought to be undertaken under his direct supervision and guidance, or harm may ensue, and the last state of that man be worse than the first.

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